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Some early impressions.Journalism. Editi
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Pilgrim-desired Assisi is there; Spoleto proud
With Rome's imperial arches, with hanging woods divine:
Monte Falco hovers above the hazy vale
Of sweet Clitumnus loitering under poplars pale;
O'er Foligno, Trevi clings upon Apennine.
And over this Umbrian earth — from where with bright snow spread
Towers abrupt Lernessa, huge, like a dragon's chine,
To western Ammiata's mist-appareled head,
Ammiata that sailors watch on wide Tyrrhenian waves —
Lie in the jealous gloom of cold and secret shrine
Or Gorgon-sculptured chamber hewn in old rock caves,
Hiding their dreams from the light, the austere Etruscan dead.
O lone forests of oak and little cyclamens red
Flowering under shadowy silent boughs benign!
Streams that wander beneath us over a pebbly bed!
Hedges of dewy hawthorn and wild woodbine!
Now as the eastern ranges flush and the high air chills
Blurring meadowy vale, blackening heaths of pine,
Now as in distant Todi, loftily towered — a sign
To wearying travelers — lights o'er hollow Tiber gleam,
Now our voices are stilled and our eyes are given to a dream,
As Night, upbringing o'er us the ancient stars anew,
Stars that triumphing Cæsar and tender Francis knew,
With fancied voices mild, august, immortal, fills
Umbria dim with valleys, dark with a hundred hills.

Laurence Binyon.

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SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

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I.

I HAVE been asked occasionally to join the great army of reminiscence writers: and I have indisputably one qualification for the function. I have passed the line at which retrospection has to take the place once filled by anticipation. If I can expect little from the future, I must remind myself that, as the poet undeniably observes: —

"Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

Old happiness remembered is still an inestimable treasure; it may, even if forgotten, have left us the happier by softening and mellowing our characters: but alas, if heaven cannot destroy the fact, heaven — or some other power — has a turn for obliterating the memory. Any one who, like me, has had much to do with biography must have been painfully impressed by the singular rapidity with which its materials vanish. Again and again I have had to lament the fact. Not long ago it became my duty to collect anecdotes of a friend who died young enough to leave many surviving contemporaries deeply attached to his memory. He had been famous, among other things, for his conversational charm; for a rare power of embodying subtle thought in quaint humor which made his good sayings part of the intellectual currency of his ac-

quaintance. But when one tried to collect the phrases, the process was like trying to speak to a friend seen distinctly but through a closed window. And the experience, though painful, was normal. A vague general impression remains of some brilliant passages of talk; but the specific instances are forgotten; or even if remembered, have lost the context which gave them point. Boswell is still unique. No one has inherited his capacity for the dexterous touches which reproduce the dramatic effect as well as the bare words. I must confess too that my memory for facts is treacherous. I can picture vividly a certain passage in my own life which, I may add, was of a distinctly creditable kind. The discovery of a contemporary document not long ago proved to me that my motives had been materially different from what I imagined — and decidedly less admirable. The authentic history which I supposed myself to remember was a pretty little romance which I had unconsciously composed by a judicious manipulation of partial recollections. The disillusioning document has itself disappeared, and I have forgotten its contents. All that I know is that my own story of my own conduct is a misrepresentation. Clearly I am not qualified for autobiography, nor, to say the truth, do I regret the circumstance. I have no reason to think that the story of my "inner life" would be in the least interesting and, were it interesting, I should still prefer to keep it to myself. When, therefore, I summon up remembrance of things past, I am forced to confess that my little panorama is full of gaps, often blurred and faded and too probably distorted in detail. Yet I preserve a good many tolerably vivid impressions of the people among whom I have lived and of the influences they have exerted upon me. Some of these may be worth a record. If my confession implies that they must be taken with a certain reserve, an impression is in its way a fact.

Among the most distinct are those left by fourteen years' residence at Cambridge. To me, as I suppose to most men who as weakly children were cut off from much active share in school life, the period in which I first called myself a man and became conscious of an independent individuality stands out with especial vividness. The world was so interesting then. Perhaps it is for that reason that I cherish a strong affection for the University and even for its material surroundings. I love the sleepy river — "canal" or even ditch as scoffers may call it — which slides past the old cottage gardens on its way to wriggle through the broad level of the fens and to girdle the venerable pile of Ely. Have I not run along its banks exhorting our college boat for as many miles as would have taken me to the Mississippi and back? Not even the Alpine scenery is dearer to me. The local sentiment is somehow bound up with the superstitions which thrive in the region; and I absorbed them pretty thoroughly. I believed in the Cambridge ideals. To me, for example, "senior wrangler" is still a title exciting an almost superstitious veneration. I have, in later days, been able to speak to poets and philosophers, to statesmen and even to bishops without actual collapse. But when in company with a senior wrangler I am conscious of being formed of inferior clay. Had I belonged to the Sister University, a similar fusion of sentiment would perhaps be more generally intelligible. I need only appeal to Matthew Arnold. A man must be dull indeed who could be insensible to the charm of the group of towers which rises above the Isis and of the scenery whose spirit informs the inimitable Scholar Gipsy. Every one must admit that the region is a fitting shrine for the genius of the place, — for that devotion to "lost causes" and "impossible loyalties" upon which Arnold dwelt with such loving eloquence. As the Isis to the Cam, so, it may be held, is Oxford

to Cambridge. It is the contrast between romance and the picturesque on one side and humdrum prose and monotonous levels on the other. We boast, indeed, of our poets at Cambridge; but if, for some mysterious reason, we have been more prolific in poets than Oxford, it is hardly because we have provided them with a more congenial atmosphere. They throve, perhaps, in a bracing climate. A Cambridge career induced Coleridge to become a heavy dragoon; Byron kept a bear to set a model of manners to the dons of his day; and the one service which the place did for Wordsworth was to enable him for once in his life to drink a little more than was consistent with perfect command of his legs. Cambridge has for the last three centuries inclined to the less romantic side of things. It was for Puritans against the Cavaliers, for Whigs against Jacobites, and down to my time was favored by "Evangelicals" and the good "high and dry" school which shuddered at the development of the "Oxford Movement." We could boast of no Newman, nor of men who, like Froude and Pattison, submitted for a time to the fascination of his genius and only broke from it with a wrench which permanently affected their mental equilibrium. "I have never known a Cambridge man," as a reverent disciple of the prophet lately said to me, "who could appreciate Newman." Our version of the remark was slightly different. We held that our common sense enabled us to appreciate him thoroughly but by the dry light of reason, and resist the illusions of romantic sentiment. That indeed was the merit of Cambridge in the eyes of those who were responsible for my education. To have sent me to Oxford would have been to risk the contamination of what was then called "Puseyism." I escaped that danger pretty completely. My family — as this indicates — belonged to the second generation of the so-called "Clapham Sect;" the "Saints" as they were called by way of insult; the men who swore by Wilberforce, and fancied that they had accumulated a capital of merit by the anti-slavery crusade which entitled them for the future to live upon credit. They were, said their enemies, effete Puritans, as morose as their ancestors, but without the dignity of still militant fanaticism; Pharisees who hated innocent and artistic pleasure but found consolation in solid material comfort, blinded adherents of a dogmatic system, which had long ceased to represent intellectual advance. I will not argue as to the justice of this accusation against the sect in general. I am content to say that though my childish reverence for certain members of the sect was necessarily of the instinctive variety, it does not seem misplaced to my later judgment. I have met no men in later years who seem to me to have had a higher sense of duty or deeper domestic affections. If they had obvious limitations, believed too implicitly in Noah's ark, and used language about the "scheme of Salvation" which does not commend itself to me, they impressed me (very unintentionally) with the conviction that a man may be incomparably better than the creed which he honestly takes himself to believe. The essential Puritan may survive, as the case of Carlyle sufficiently showed, when all his dogmas have evaporated; and I confess that, rightly or wrongly, he is a person for whom I have profound respect and much sympathy. At Cambridge, however, by my time the epithet "Evangelical" generally connoted contempt. The Oxford Movement might be altogether mistaken, but we agreed with it that the old "low church" position had become untenable. At Cambridge we rather shrank from all vagaries high or low. Our state, an adversary might say, was not the more gracious. If the Oxford school represented "reaction," it was at least, as Arnold put it, not of Philistine variety. A mistaken or im-

possible idealism is better than the mere stolid indifference which chokes all speculative activity. To the radical meanwhile the two universities represented two slightly different forms of obstructiveness. They were simply Anglican seminaries; bulwarks of the establishment which was an essential part of the great conservative fortress; mediæval in their constitution and altogether behind the age in their teaching. My undergraduate career fell at a period when such criticisms were about to lead to a practical result. A parliamentary commission began to overhaul us soon afterwards and initiated a process of reconstruction which has been going on ever since. Stanch conservatives at that time prophesied fearful results. The English were to sink to the level of foreign universities: an awful descent! They were to be "Germanized," — to be contaminated by "neology," whatever these appalling phrases might mean, generally to be trimmed and clipped in conformity with the fads of "damned intellectuals." In fact, the universities had somehow worked out a system which had become so thoroughly familiar to their own members and so consistently elaborated as to have the character of a natural organism while to the outsider it appeared to be radically illogical and grotesque.

The essential point was, one may say broadly, that Oxford and Cambridge were, properly speaking, not universities at all but federated groups of colleges. Each of the seventeen colleges on the banks of the Cam was an independent corporation, governed by statutes imposed by the founders, perhaps, as in the case of my own college, by a founder who had died five hundred years before. Corporations, it is known, have no souls and very little conscience. The reformer might prove with the help of Adam Smith that they do more harm than good. It is a plausible opinion that Henry VIII. would have done a service to education if he had swept them away with the monasteries. To the stanch Tory, however, the modern reformer was as sacrilegious as the old king. His theory embodied what may seem to be an odd inversion of ideas. The colleges had been founded in order to promote education. The practice which had grown up would rather correspond to the theory that education was useful to promote the welfare of the colleges. A main and often the sole aim of a clever student was to become a fellow of a college, and if he acquired some intellectual training in the process, that was rather an incidental advantage than the ultimate justification of the system. The so-called university meant simply a loose federation such as was consistent with the acceptance of a thoroughgoing doctrine of "state-rights." Its main function was to provide boards of examiners, which tested the fitness of candidates for fellowships. It followed, again, that the colleges were not coöperative so much as competitive bodies. They did not distribute among themselves different educational functions, but each accepted the same test for admission to its privileges. In Cambridge, we were content with the two old "triposes" by which alone intellectual excellence was measured. We were, it might seem, so dominated by the great names of Newton and Bentley that any branch of study except mathematics or classical scholarship seemed inconceivable. To teach a youth philosophy would be to train him in talking humbug; and history or the physical sciences meant more cramming with facts. The outsider might urge that the course was strangely narrow, and that the university was nothing but a continued high school. Perhaps he might fancy that a little Germanizing would do no harm.

Certainly we needed reform; and if change means reform, as I hope it does in this case, we have certainly got it. But the question occurs, Why did I love the place in spite of its admitted short-

comings? Was my conscience seared? Were not the colleges mere nests of abuses? The name "don" may suggest visions of the indolent bigoted dullards who disgusted Gray and Gibbon and Adam Smith, or the pedants whose ignorance of the world provoked the scorn of Chesterfield in the eighteenth century. Skill in writing Latin verses and solving mathematical conundrums may be compatible with intellectual torpor and devotion to port wine. When I search my memory, I can turn out a story or two to suggest that the type was not quite extinct. The peculiar position of a college fellow, for example, had its temptations. He held his post during celibacy, and after a time naturally began to feel yearnings for a domestic hearth of his own. That meant that he could not adopt teaching as a career for life, but as a stepping-stone to something else. The "something else" was normally a college living. After a few years spent in lecturing, he could become a country parson and try how far his knowledge of the Greek drama or the planetary theory would qualify him to edify the agricultural laborer. Meanwhile waiting for a vacancy was at times demoralizing. The best living of one of the colleges was held by an old gentleman, who had been described in a book of reminiscences as a specimen of the low moral standard prevalent at the end of the eighteenth century. He had the conscience to be still alive when the book appeared in the middle of the nineteenth. Meanwhile expectant successors would pay him visits, and find the old cynic smoking in his kitchen and unblushingly proclaiming his intention of prolonging his existence indefinitely. They could not bear it; and the last of them, a man whom I remember, sought consolation in the resources of the college cellar. A catastrophe followed. One day the fellow came to the college hall, not only in a state of partial sobriety, but with a disreputable companion who had hung about Cambridge levying contributions on some vague pretense of being a political refugee. Finding himself in respectable society, the disreputable person suddenly arose and proposed the health of the great John Bright. In those days he might as well have proposed Beelzebub. An explosion followed. The scandal was beyond concealment; the fellow was requested to leave Cambridge, and soon afterwards fell into a canal after dinner and was drowned. A week or two later, the living for which he had been waiting became vacant, by the death of the old incumbent, and had the fellow held out a week or two longer he might have succeeded to the pastoral guidance of that bit of Arcadia. This anecdote, I must add emphatically, represents the rare exception; very few of us took to drink; though now and then a man might be soured and become a crabbed, eccentric cynic of the ancient type.

The normal result, however, was that the official tutors were not troubled by any excess of zeal or hankering after the ideal ends of a university. They often did their duty honestly enough, but with a sense that it was not the duty of a life. As teachers, they were therefore eclipsed by the private tutors or "coaches" who did the real work of preparing for examinations. The university professoriate had become still more emphatically a superfluity. It included, indeed, several men of real distinction, but they could rarely gather an audience. Nobody, for example, cared to study modern history. Professor Smythe, who died just before my time, though chiefly remembered as the tutor of Sheridan's son, wrote some very able lectures upon the French Revolution. One of them (they were repeated annually) always drew an audience because it was known from previous experience that in the course of it he would burst into tears upon mentioning the melancholy fate of Marie Antoinette. That was a phenomenon worth observation.

But speaking generally, if all the professorships had been abolished, no difference would have been perceived by the ordinary student. If the ideal university supposes a body of professors devoted to the extension of knowledge and of students accepting them as guides into the promised land of science and philosophy, we were certainly far enough from its realism. The most striking illustration of another peculiarity of the system of those days is given in the curious Memoirs of Mark Pattison, — a man whose devotion to thorough scholarship and the cause of rational inquiry fully redeemed certain obvious weaknesses. He was fretting at this time under the oppressive spirit of the old Oxford atmosphere. He had come to hold that Newman, who had for a time attracted him, represented mere obscurantism and obsolete theological dogma; and was hoping that the reaction which followed Newman's secession would favor his own ambition to carry out desirable reforms. Election to the headship of his college would enable him to initiate a change for the better. The catastrophe which followed not only vexed him but, by his own account, altogether demoralized him for years. The headship of a college was then a most delightful position; it meant a good income, a comfortable house, and, if desired, a wife; and, moreover, it depended solely on the conscience of the holder whether it should or should not be treated as a sinecure. In Cambridge, more, I believe, than in Oxford, it was taken to be a kind of haven of dignified repose; and the fellows who were elected to it sometimes found the trial too much for their virtue. Pattison, who sincerely desired the post with a view to active reform, found that the other electors were not only totally indifferent or rather hostile to his schemes, but capable of opposing him by the meanest intrigues. They detached one of his supporters, in spite of an explicit promise, by treachery worthy of the most corrupt political wire-pulling: and he thought himself justified, as he explains, in taking revenge by a counterplot. He punished his opponents by securing the election of a man whom he describes as a "ruffian" and a "satyr." The morality of the proceeding seems questionable in spite of Pattison's casuistry, but if certain scandals current in my time were well founded the case was not exceptional; or exceptional only as far as an election to a mastership rarely involved any question about reform. It was frankly decided, as a rule, by personal interests, and though I do not think that any of our masters could be described as "satyrs," they were men whose chief merit might be that their election vacated a college living, and who were fully content to be mildly respectable rulers of the King Log variety. Their juniors often regarded them as contemptible old fogies. "Our master," I remember a fellow saying, "is intellectually an idiot, socially a snob, and physically dirty; but otherwise unobjectionable." But the post was so comfortable that even reformers scarcely proposed to spoil it by imposing active duties on the holders. We despised them, but could not deny that it would be very pleasant to succeed them in our own days of fogydom.

Perhaps I have said enough to confirm the suggestion that we were a nest of abuses. I must disavow the conclusion. The system implied a distorted conception of the true function of a university, but given the conception it was carried out with a fair amount of energy and public spirit. The mischief was the "topsy-turvy" theory which subordinated education or the promotion of intellectual activity to the interests of the corporate bodies. The pivot of the whole system had come to be the distribution of fellowships as the prizes for competition. That was carried out with perfect honesty. The elections were invariably conducted with absolute fairness. I never heard even a suspicion

that the successful candidate was not the best man, or elected for any reason but his merits. The endowments intended to help students had become the prizes for which study was pursued. Education was expensive because (among other causes) the competition led to the substitution of private for official tutors. The complex machinery was worked for ends which ought to have been subordinate. Still its working implied a thorough spirit of fair play and hearty respect for really energetic labor; and these are not bad things in their way. I can best illustrate the point by an instance or two. I have spoken of my veneration for senior wranglers. The concrete embodiment of the genus for me was Isaac Todhunter. He was a striking case of a man designing a scheme of life and carrying it out systematically. When I was his pupil he was beginning to execute it by living the life of an ascetic recluse. His chief room in St. John's College was devoted to his pupils, and furnished only with benches and tables at which we were always scribbling our lucubrations. Two little closets opened out of it, one his bedroom, the other the den where he examined our work. A table and a couple of chairs were the only furniture, and the walls were covered with books, each in a brown paper cover inscribed in exquisite handwriting with the title. The little man with his large head and delicate little hands always reminded me of a mouse, dressed in superlatively neat though certainly not fashionable costume. He labored from morning till night, taking indeed an hour's constitutional round the so-called "parallelogram" of footpaths — an essential part of our Cambridge habits — and spending another hour or so upon his dinner in the college hall at four. The rest of the day was devoted to the unremitting labors of teaching and of writing very successful text-books. Some fifteen years of such work enabled him to carry out the plan of life upon which he had resolved. He had saved money enough to give up the drudgery of teaching, married, and wrote books for the learned upon the history of mathematics. Of their merits I cannot speak; but the man impressed me mightily. I came to know in later days that, besides being of most amiable and simple character, he had many accomplishments outside his special branch of knowledge. But to me he represented the stern deity Mathesis; an embodied, categorical imperative, appealing to my conscience. I can still hear his regular adjuration, "Push on," which showed, I fear, too great a superiority to the frailty of the average youth. The flesh resisted, and to this day I have a personal dislike to the harvest moon, — one of the phenomena which he pressed upon my attention, and which I found hopelessly uninteresting. It was no fault of his if I gave three years to a study for which I had a very moderate aptitude. Perhaps it did me some good, — at least by teaching me respect for abilities and energies to which I could make no pretense. One may fancy one's self to be a philosopher or a poet without much ground for it, but a mathematician gives with such palpable proofs of his superiority that one can have no illusions as to one's own talent. Cambridge too, though the senior wrangler element was dominant, included other influences. Our most conspicuous representative in those days was the great Whewell — then Master of Trinity — "Science his forte and omniscience his foible" — according to Sydney Smith's phrase, which has perhaps become his most lasting monument. There were indeed no limits to his intellectual appetite. His writings treat of philosophy, ethics, political economy, mathematics, and the inductive sciences in general, besides church architecture and German literature, and even include respectable experiments in English verse. He was our greatest man, — the one resident whose fame was understood to have

spread through England and even Europe. He looked the character. He was a man of splendid physique; tall, powerful, and with a brow worthy of an intellectual gladiator. He was the son of a Lancashire tradesman, and might have been taken as a promising champion had he stepped into the ring at a north country wrestling match. I recall him as I once saw him stalking through a howling mob at an election and apparently capable of knocking half a dozen of their heads together. He was said, not without some ground, to be rough and overbearing; and his early training had not given him the urbanity which makes a man to assume dignity without stiffness bordering on insolence. There is, I fancy, a slight reminiscence of him in Thackeray's Dr. Crump in the Snob Papers But he was thoroughly magnanimous, a fair fighter, and incapable of petty spite; not only, as I have good reason for knowing, a man of very warm affections, but also capable of most generous consideration for his subordinates. By my time we had forgiven the roughness, and were heartily proud of the man. For over fifty years he had been identified with Trinity. On his deathbed he had himself raised to take a last look at the great court, the most imposing of college quadrangles. Since Bentley had stalked in stately predominance through the same court, no one had been so impressive a ruler. His love for the place was shown by munificent benefactions and the foundation of a professorship, which was to be specially devoted to the cause of promoting international peace. Eminent men have held it, — and it is hardly their fault if that cause has not been very perceptibly advanced by their labors.

Whewell, though a Conservative, did more than any one to introduce new studies to the university. His fame has declined, partly because the advance of science has inevitably made his chief book antiquated; while philosophy, if it has not advanced, has at least deserted his position. A philosopher who would lead youth must clothe his doctrine in the last new fashion. Whewell had not that charm; and the shortcoming, if it were one, made him the more representative of Cambridge.

At this point I feel that I may naturally be expected to speak of some spiritual guide who pointed to the promised land. I should acknowledge a debt of gratitude to some Carlyle or Emerson or Newman, who roused my slumbering intellect and convinced me that I had a soul. It was, however, one of the great advantages of Cambridge that there was no such person in the place. Spiritual guides are very impressive but sometimes very mischievous persons. Prostration before a prophet is enfeebling. Bagehot points out the evil results upon his friend Clough of that most admirable person Dr. Arnold. Arnold's pupils suffered from an excess of moral earnestness: they were liable to a hypertrophy of the conscience, and took life too seriously at starting. They became prigs, or the very enthusiasms gave way to cynicism as their illusions came into rough conflict with later experience. Our prosaic Cambridge spirit was free from that evil. Our teachers preached common sense, and common sense said, Stick to your triposes, grind at your mill, and don't set the universe in order till you have taken your bachelor's degree. The advantage, I admit, would have been questionable had it meant simple suppression of thought, — a rigid confinement of the intellectual vision within the blinkers imposed by the ambition for success in examinations. But the practical working was different. Clever young men will be interested in the questions of the day. We talked what we took for philosophy and politics and literature eagerly enough; and our discussions had the additional zest of being more or less trespassing into forbidden ground, and often involving a certain neglect of our

duties. We made orations at the Union Debating Society; but admitted to ourselves, though we did not perhaps state in public, that we were very young and not competent to instruct the nation at large. A society to which I looked up with special reverence was the so-called "Apostles," — of which Maurice and Tennyson and Arthur Hallam with other brilliant contemporaries had been the founders and first members. In my day, its most famous member was Clerk-Maxwell, the great physicist, whose mathematical genius was already recognized. He was a fascinating object to me: propounding quaint paradoxes in a broad Scottish accent; capable of writing humorous lampoons upon the dons; and turning his knowledge of dynamics to account by contriving new varieties of "headers" into the Cam. I had not the honor of any close acquaintance, and felt myself unworthy of so high a distinction. Dimly, however, I understood, for the society shrouded itself in mystery, that he and a small knot of geniuses (there was another member or two whom, in those days, we took to be specimens of the class) met weekly to discuss the profoundest problems. Henry Sidgwick, who became a member a little later, has declared that to such discussions he owed a greater intellectual debt than to any other of the influences of his youth. I even once fostered, though not too presumptuously, the hope that I might myself become a member. My claims, alas, if they were considered, were not considered to be sufficient; and I only felt elevated by the consciousness that I was at least a contemporary of great rising luminaries. My own intellectual ambition was satisfied by an effort or two before the more popular audience of the Union. There I can only remember that — for some mysterious reason, perhaps because my father had been in the Colonial Office — I delivered an oration upon the affairs of Cape Colony, — I do not remember that my hearers were deeply moved, though my views, if adopted, would have prevented the Boer war. There, too, I heard the present Sir William Harcourt indulge in a scathing impeachment of some unfortunate official. When one of my elders asked me soon afterwards who was the coming man among the young men of the day, I replied emphatically that Harcourt was the man; but what crimes that official had committed, or whether he was permanently crushed, or, like Warren Hastings, survived the exposure, is more than I can tell.

I mention these shadowy memories to show that our intellects were not confined within the prescribed studies. Sir Walter Besant, in his Autobiography, describes his own experience during my time, and seems to me to exaggerate our backwardness. Besant says, for example, that he heard nothing of Browning or Thackeray. I certainly heard of both; and one of the most thorough Thackerayans of my acquaintance was a fellow of Besant's own college, — which shows that one man's experiences are not conclusive. Yet in Christ's College, to which he belonged, he was a friend of Seeley and Calverley, — certainly among the most brilliant writers of their generation; and the famous examination in Pickwick set by Calverley proves that their enthusiasm was not confined to classical literature. Happily for us, the doctrine that English language and literature should be made a part of our education had not yet been proclaimed. We read what we liked and because we liked it, — the only kind of reading that is of much use according to my experience. An examination in Pickwick might now, I fear, be taken seriously, and compulsory cramming might conceivably make even Pickwick more or less repulsive. We had our enthusiasts for Dickens, who had fierce encounters with the partisans of Thackeray. Vanity Fair was the first book I ever bought for myself, and it had devotees who could say in how many places

Sedley was misprinted for Osborne. There was another sect professing Brontë mania; Tennyson of course was known by heart up to date; and Browning was just dawning upon us. I read Pippa Passes at least and felt its charm, though not without some bewilderment, and happily did not break my shins over Sordello. There was no want of literary interest among our seniors. At Trinity, beneath the majestic Whewell, there was a group of able scholars. Among them was the dignified Thompson (Whewell's successor), great on Plato and the appreciative friend and college contemporary of Tennyson and Thackeray and Edward FitzGerald, who once a term elaborated some stinging epigram to sharpen our wits; and Munro, the editor of Lucretius, lover of Old English authors and the embodiment of simple good fellowship; and W. G. Clark, one of the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare, who left a permanent record of his tastes by founding a lectureship in English literature; and the librarian Brimley, who died prematurely after writing (among other things) an article of which Tennyson was reported to have said, "That is the way in which I like to be criticised." The criticism, it is superfluous to say, was the reverse of the "this-will-never-do" variety. It appeared in the short-lived Cambridge Essays, — an attempt to found a new Quarterly in conjunction with a similar volume from Oxford; which, if I am not mistaken, failed like some other periodicals chiefly because it counted upon too high a standard of public taste.

There was another literary centre at Cambridge which had its influences. Daniel Macmillan (whom I just remember) and his brother Alexander were already conducting the business which rose to eminence under Alexander's later management. In the modest shop of those days, and still more in a smoking-room at the back, I felt that I was really entering the inner shrine of a literary workshop. There I was thrilled by meeting a live lady novelist and an actual editor, to whom I ought to have been grateful — perhaps I was — for rejecting my first attempt at an article. Alexander Macmillan himself was one of the publishers to whom I owe it that I have never been tempted to adopt the conventional author's view of his enemy. It is needless to say that he was a very shrewd man of business; and he had one (among many other excellent) qualities which I have noticed in others of the craft. He believed implicitly in his authors. He had the most genuine enthusiasm for Maurice and Kingsley and "Tom" Hughes, whose works he was then publishing. I had heard some of Maurice's lectures at King's College, London, and they had, I may here briefly say, impressed me with a boyish sense of reverence. Kingsley became professor of history at Cambridge in my time, and then and afterwards I saw a good deal of him. The appointment was in some ways an unlucky one. The critics of the Freeman School fell upon him; he could, they admitted, perhaps write a spirited historical novel, but was quite incompetent for scientific history; and Kingsley was modest enough to agree with his critics; — a creditable but an unpleasant frame of mind. He was in truth a very attractive but far from a very strong man; I have always delighted in his books, and I believe in his genius. But a change had come over him. As a young man he had denounced the existing order as a disciple of Carlyle, and as a "Christian Socialist" had apparently sympathized with the revolutionary spirit. The fiery zeal of Yeast and Alton Locke had now strangely cooled. In Two Years Ago he discovered that the Crimean war had worked a great moral change on the country, — this queer doctrine, one must remember, was accepted by Tennyson in Maud, — and the poet who had in the Poacher's Widow in Yeast denounced the British squire for his callous indifference to the laborer now discovered

that the squire was a reformed character and a mainstay of social reform generally. Perhaps Kingsley's early vehemence meant the feverish and over-excitable temperament which leads to premature exhaustion. Perhaps his hearty sympathies and power of social enjoyment made it impossible for him to preserve an attitude of antagonism to his own class. Anyhow he had "rallied" or been reconciled, and his later works lost the old fire and ceased — a poor compensation — to offend the respectable. Kingsley was a man of most quick and generous sympathies, not of very deeply rooted convictions, or, as he showed too clearly in the Newman controversy, of any logical closeness. If his intellect, however, had its weaknesses, it was impossible not to feel the charm of his character. His biography naturally exhibits him as always in his professional robes, and sinks the delightful companion full of graphic discourse upon literature or art or sport, who used to escape from the graver donnish circles and smoke as steadily as Amyas Leigh in Macmillan's den or the rooms of some young college fellow. I always remember Macmillan listening respectfully but uncomfortably while Kingsley was wrestling with his stammer to denounce another object of his hearers' respect, as "a d—d—damned l—l—liar." My memory, I have said, is not happy in the choice of fragments to be preserved. With Kingsley I associate an occasional visitor, Tom Hughes, most genuine and simple of mankind. I had the good fortune to be tutor to Hughes's younger brother, — a lad who might have stepped straight out of Tom Brown's School Days. Though, like his elder, he was not specially strong in the department of brains, — Euclid, I fear, was an almost impenetrable mystery to him, — he was of so sweet and pure a nature as to exercise a quite abnormal charm upon his companions.

My relations to Kingsley and Hughes rested, I fear, to a considerable extent upon a basis of non-intellectual sympathy. Tom Brown was taken then as a manifesto of Muscular Christianity. The theory of that sect was that a man should fear God, and walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. How the athletic doctrine came to be associated with the religious views of Maurice's disciples is a problem which I need not examine. It may perhaps be soluble by readers of Kingsley's Hypatia, who notice how clearly he prefers the heathen Goths to the ascetic monks of Alexandria. According to Kingsley, true Christianity was opposed to all asceticism, and meant therefore, among other things, a due regard for the *corpus sanum*. Anyhow, Tom Brown's zeal for a combination of football and Arnold's sermons struck us in those days as making a happy ideal. Modern educationalists tell me that the passion for athletic sports has become a nuisance. What ought to be a permitted recreation almost becomes a duty, or even a profession. In those early days the athletic zeal was still spontaneous and sincere. I really believed that I was acting from a high sense of duty when I encouraged my pupils in rowing, and I enjoyed the supreme triumph of seeing our boat at the head of the river as much as the great victory in the mathematical tripos, when, for once, we turned out a senior wrangler. Though (perhaps because) Nature has not qualified me for athletic excellence, I caught the contagion of enthusiasm. It is a natural sentiment for an author. Hazlitt gives one defense of the creed in his essay upon the Indian Jugglers. The perfection of their performance excites the admiration of the author who admitted that even his own essays — and presumably other people's — fell short in many ways of absolute faultlessness. Whether the ethical advantages of athletics are as great as I fancied is another question. I preached that part of the Kingsley-Hughes creed with a zeal of which perhaps I ought to be ashamed. So far indeed as I am per-

sonally concerned, I have nothing but satisfaction in recalling my monomania. The one pursuit in which I am not contemptible is walking, and I still think with complacency of the hot day in which I did my fifty miles from Cambridge to London in twelve hours to attend a dinner of the Alpine Club. That admirable institution was just started at that time, chiefly by Cambridge men; and I am still a loyal though decayed member. To it I owe many of the pleasantest little pictures preserved in my memory; not merely of exciting climbs and sublime views, which are all very well in their way, but of delightful association with like-minded chums in Alpine valleys, not yet too tourist-ridden, where companionship in little adventures might be congenial to more intellectual intercourse and help the formation of permanent friendships. The athleticism of Cambridge in those days had the same merit. The college boat club was a bond of union which enabled me to be on friendly terms with young gentlemen whose muscles were more developed than their brains, and so far favorable to the development of the wider human sympathies. Interest in such pursuits is at any rate antagonistic to the intellectual vice of priggishness.

Though in those days the cult, having still the charm of novelty, was preached with indiscriminating fervor, I see that my reminiscences have led me to diverge to rather undignified topics. The literature of athletics is abundant and popular, and I can always study it with more satisfaction than would become a dignified man of letters. Even the records of the prize ring have a charm for me, and I have a lurking regard for Tom Sayers. But it is not my purpose to record the achievements of old heroes on the river or the cricket field, or of those who sought glory on the snows of Mont Blanc or the crags of the Matterhorn. We — the Society of which I am thinking — were a set of young men not far removed on either side from thirty, and undoubtedly we had both legs and stomachs. Anything might serve for a pretext for social gatherings. We were certainly not above enjoying the "gaudy" or college feast; performances which I recall with a certain shudder, when we could sit, like the proverbial alderman, trying our digestions with substantial eating and drinking for longer hours than I like to remember, and yet deriving a certain sanction to the proceeding from drinking to the pious memory of the founder in the grace cup which he had bequeathed. It seemed to be not prosaic gorging, but celebrating a quasi-religious ceremony. But whatever the pretext, there was no want of really intellectual intercourse. It may be a natural illusion, but it seems to me that I have never listened to better conversation than I heard on such occasions. At that time of life one still believes in arguing. One has a touching faith in one's power of putting one's own ideas into other people's minds, a fact which seems to become more impossible the longer one lives. The demon has not yet whispered that nothing can be said which has not already been said and said much better, or that arguing means only airing your own strongest prejudices. In polite circles, a man who really argues is suspected of rudeness; he becomes afraid of treading upon his neighbor's toes if he says what he really thinks. He talks from the lips outwards, or confines himself to the anecdotic variety of conversation. But in those days one could enjoy conversation in the true Johnsonian spirit, considered as a strenuous game of intellectual gymnastics, where you honored the man who fairly set his mind to yours and could give and take a "swashing blow" with thoroughly good temper. If you did not really convert, at least you got your own opinions properly marshaled and arranged, and received a valuable stimulus in elaborating your own scheme of things in general. The arguments in detail have long vanished from my mem-

ory, but I remember occasions on which they were prolonged for periods which show how deeply we were interested. I am afraid that such discussions would now send me to sleep in a few minutes. The question remains, What did we talk about, and in what direction were the minds of my contemporaries tending? Of that I shall have to speak.

Leslie Stephen.

(*To be continued.*)

WILD JUSTICE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

WEIGHING ANCHOR.

It was in the dark, before dawn of a December morning, that Marden Sebright woke. Some vague sound below, a stirring about somewhere downstairs, had called him out of troubled sleep to a still more troubled waking. For an instant he lay staring at the faint blur of the window, aware only of that and of a world of unhappiness. Then he remembered. It was the last morning at home. His mother was up and about. He rose, ashamed, groped round in the dark, broke the ice in the tin basin on the stand, dashed the cold water over his hands, face, and head, fumbled into his clothes, and felt his way slowly down the narrow stairs that led between lath walls from the loft rooms to the kitchen.

"Good-morning, dear," said his mother's voice, as the door shut clinking behind him.

The room was lighted by one kerosene lamp that burned pale and strangely yellow on the bare table near the window. In the white frost on the pane it had melted watery circles, through which shone the winter dawn, — the deep, sad, mysterious blue that is neither darkness nor daylight.

"Good-morning, mother," said Marden quietly. With his hand still on the latch of the little deal door, he stood looking at her. She had just taken a lid from the stove, and through the open circle below thin tongues of flame quivered upward, showing her plainly, — this little woman in black, with gray hair and gray eyes, who stood in the flickering light and smiled at him. She looked very beautiful to him then. And she must have looked so to others once; years ago, she must have been an English "hawk blonde" of the gentler type, — a type that appeared with a difference in Marden's thin, fine features and bright gray eyes.

Now, as he stood looking at her, her eyes were large and shining.

"Why, mother," he said before he thought, "you have n't been crying, have you?"

She put the lid slowly back. Like all the other pieces in the top of the stove, it was bent and warped with age. It fell into place clattering. The fire crackled, and shone through the gaps and chinks in the uneven surface. Then came a silence, so long that while mother and son stood there looking at each other it seemed to Marden as if his words still sounded in the quiet room, and as if they had not been said gently enough.

When she spoke, her voice was quite steady, a sweet and level voice.

"Yes, Marden, I have been, a little."

"Oh" — he broke out, then stopped blankly, and turned to another question. "What did you come down and build the fire and do all these things for? You might have let me, this — this" —

"I wanted to do it for once," she said simply.

He crossed the room at a stride, and they kissed each other. There were no further words between them, and no further glances. But as they moved about the bare little room, bringing the knives and spoons and the cheap, heavy dishes from the shelves to the table, they stayed very close together. It was meagre diet on the pine table, — a few slices of bread, two bowls of steaming oatmeal, and cold water in the clumsy cups that were meant to hold coffee.

As they sat down, Mrs. Sebright thriftily blew out the lamp, and left the room in dusk.

"The sun 's rising already," she said.

And indeed it was: through the watery circles in the panes they could see that the mysterious deep blue had gone, and that a gray light was slowly turning into day.

They both sat peering through the frosty window.

"Can you see her?" asked his mother.

Marden winced.

"No," he answered. "Not yet. But of course she 's still there."

Silence fell once more, while both made a pretense of eating. His mother was the first to speak again.

"It 's ten days to Christmas," she said, then paused, and then went on timidly, "Sicily 's a long voyage. Remember about writing to me, won't you?"

"Yes, mother," said he, "I 'll write on board, and mail it the first time we land."

"Lee said he would," she continued sadly, "and it 's been ten years now without a word beyond hearsay. But, you 're not like Lee, dear."

"Lee!" cried the younger son in a hard voice, "Lee! Oh mother, if ever I meet him! — No, no, o' course I must n't — I would n't" —

"No, dear, you must n't. Lee meant — but he 's different. He 's more like — Some men don't think much about such things!" She paused and sighed. "When a boy goes out into the world, and to sea — Dear, you must never, never forget what I warned you against. It was so hard to tell you — but your father — poor John, I 'm afraid he was n't always a good man."

"Always!" cried Marden, his cheeks glowing and his gray eyes flashing in the twilight. "Good! See where we are now, through him and Lee. Poor, and half-starved, and ragged, and shivering, in this mean little dead town; and me having to go to sea to keep us both alive, and leaving you alone in winter!"

"Hush, Marden, hush," his mother said, and there were tears in her voice. "We must n't be bitter — this morning of all others. We ought to be glad, too, that Captain Harlow is so good to us, for if it was n't for him I don't know how we 'd weather through till spring."

Marden made some inarticulate sound. Then he fell to eating, as a lad of twenty must, in spite of sorrow. Slowly through the frosty panes came the first of the sunlight, and shone faintly upon the old shotgun and the powder-horn hung high on the wall behind the stove, and upon the picture below, — a picture stiffly daubed in blue, black, and white of "the Bark Gilderoy, off Tristan da Cunha." Over these and a hanging bunch of last year's red rowan berries the light stole softly.

"Sunlight!" said his mother. "See now if she 's there."

They turned eagerly to the window, pressing their thumbs against the pane to make peep-holes in the frost that already had gathered white again. Outside, the snow-fields and the stringy, shivering larch by the door were plain in the low-slanting light; then the ice and black open water of the bay, the

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it would have been hard to live as I must have lived, — and I can't help being glad that the matter got beyond us, — and you must try to see that this sort of dying is grandly better — than any sort of living." He held to her hand, the warm strength of his love surging toward her mightily, as the strength of his body ebbed; then his eyes closed softly for a moment. When they opened again they fell upon the man beside him.

"Henderson?"

"I am here, Hard. But, oh, God! if I were not here! If I could have died for you!"

"Ah, you show that this is a great fate, — by envying me, old man, — but don't begrudge me my destiny," — his voice weakened and stopped, his eyes roaming beyond the window, where the yellow road rose out of his childhood to the top of the hill and lost itself on the other side.

In the swales the tough grass dipped and rose; on the hills the trees went like flails; overhead was the roar of an unseen surf. The sun went down trailing glory as Hardin Shore turned his illumined face toward it.

"How much better" — they heard him say again, a final Praise-God in his tone — "that a man lay down his life for his friends, — it 's the way of the strong."

R. E. Young.

SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

II.

I HAVE said that we were not without intellectual interests at Cambridge. In truth, when one looks back from a distance of forty years, it seems that all but the very dullest of men must have been profoundly interested in the questions then coming to the front. We were in one of the periods at which a crust of conventional dogma has formed, like the palæocrystic ice of the polar sea, upon the surface of opinion. The accepted formulas are being complacently repeated in all good faith by the respectable authorities. And yet new currents are everywhere moving beneath, and the superincumbent layer of official dogma is no longer conformable to the substratum of genuine belief. Then a sudden cataclysm begins to break up the crust and to sweep away the temporary bridging of the abyss which superficial observers had mistaken for solid earth. The alarm caused by the collapse of the ancient dogmas may perhaps be exaggerated. In time we come to see that the change is mainly in the open manifestations of the old, rather than in the intrusion of the really new modes of thought; and somehow or other as the new doctrines lose their strangeness we are sagacious enough to discover that we always believed them in substance. However that may be, old-fashioned people had to bear some severe shocks. In 1857 Buckle appeared as a devil's advocate of extraordinary abilities and knowledge. A certain percentage of us, he was supposed to argue, had got to be murderers whether we liked it or not. Two years later Darwin's Origin of Species showed that we were a kind of monkey, though innocent lookers-on flattered themselves that he could be triumphantly confuted by the versatile Bishop Wilberforce. Mr. Herbert Spencer had already propounded his essential theories; and in 1860 announced that he was elaborating the system of philosophy upon which he was to labor so heroically for a generation to come. "Evolution," in short, was revealing itself as a demon horned and hoofed.

Religious dogmas were melting in new currents of thought. In 1860 the clerical world of England was alarmed by Essays and Reviews. Anglican divines, it appeared, had admitted that the Bible should be criticised "like any other book;" and had serious qualms about Noah's ark. Two years later the good Bishop Colenso explained with a touching simplicity how an intelligent Zulu had refused to believe that Noah ever built an ark, and how he had come to agree with the Zulu. The story is familiar, and requires no comment; only when I remember the thrill of indignation which then ran through the respectable world, the clerical manifestoes which I was adjured to sign, the masses of polemical literature, the prosecutions for heresy, and the vehement assertions that the very foundations of religion and morality were being assailed, and then remind myself that we are all now evolutionists, and that orthodox divines accept the most startling doctrines of Essays and Reviews, I feel as though I must have lived through more than one generation. I recall the facts because it has become difficult to realize the greatness of the shock to the equanimity of the orthodox and respectable; but, for the present, my only purpose is to note the effect upon our little world at Cambridge.

Not long after leaving the university I wrote certain articles descriptive of Cambridge life, and if any one should say that they were a bit of flippant journalism, I shall not dispute his opinion. I fancied, however, that they had long been forgotten when I heard that they had been denounced by a distinguished professor in a university sermon. What excited his wrath was my statement (substantially) that at Cambridge we were careless Gallios. I had said that though we could lose our temper over political discussions, we became calm when conversation was turned to the controversies which divided the religious world. My critic took me to insinuate that we were covert unbelievers, and confuted me by mentioning the eminent orthodox authorities who were then lights of the university. I shall not argue the point. Of one thing I am certain: the Cambridge of those days was not an arena for struggles between church-parties. Individuals might belong to what were then called the "high," "low," or "broad" parties; but their differences did not form the ground for any division in university politics. We left such matters to Oxford. There, too, a comparative calm had followed the catastrophe of Newman's conversion. But at Oxford Jowett and Stanley were becoming known as leaders of the broad church. The orthodox were showing their bitterness by refusing to grant Jowett the emoluments of his Greek professorship, and a band of disciples was taking him and his friends as spiritual guides. Six of the "seven against Christ," as the authors of Essays and Reviews were pleasantly called, were distinguished Oxford men. Jowett and Pattison were, I suppose, the most distinguished teachers in the place. Younger Oxford men, especially T. H. Green, were beginning to read Hegel, and preparing to introduce the next philosophical fashion. Others were revolting from all theology. Dr. Congreve was planting the positivist church in England, and finding his chief proselytes at Oxford. Cambridge looked on with a comparative indifference and congratulated itself upon the intellectual calm. Our interest in such matters took a characteristic form. Colenso was a man of noble character as well as a good Cambridge mathematician. The mathematician appeared in his argument that the authors of the Pentateuch were disgracefully ignorant of his text-book on arithmetic. Otherwise they would not have made statements from which it followed that every priest had to eat over eighty-eight pigeons daily. That no doubt brought the question to a good tangible definite issue; but it was a

trifle narrow, and could be plausibly described as a cavil. A similar proclivity to stick to matter of fact was characteristic, I fancy, of our orthodox divines. The ablest, I suppose, was Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham, who in my time became a professor of divinity and at a later period, with his friends Westcott and Hort, did admirable work in criticism of the early Christian writings. The method, however, suggests wider questions. Lightfoot, as his friend Hort tells us, was personally shy, and, though enthusiastically appreciated by a few congenial pupils, "shrank from what seemed to him abstract speculation." Hort's remark is suggested by his reply to the author of Supernatural Religion. I turned, I remember, with great interest to his articles to see what reply so learned and able an apologist would make to a criticism of the evidences. I learnt from them that he had a very poor opinion of his antagonist's scholarship, and could apparently point out many errors of detail. But I was disappointed to find that he expressly declined to argue the general question. What are the essential canons of historical criticism? Can you be at once historical and accept the supernatural? What proofs, if any, will establish the truth of a miraculous narrative? Lightfoot might be fully justified in not discussing that question; but till it was decided in his favor he could not convert one of the opposite way of thinking. One man accepts as sufficient evidence a statement which to his opponent is intrinsically incredible. There is no common ground for argument. You may fix the dates or authorship of documents, but you cannot say what weight is to be attached to them. Our Cambridge authorities, in short, put aside the discussion of general principles, or assumed the truth of principles which to me seemed erroneous. They liked to keep their feet on solid ground of fact, and had no love of "abstract speculation." That meant that they had still a strong admixture of the old Paley leaven, which implied the reduction of the problem to a mere question of historical evidence. Their hatred for the abstract in the "Serbonian bog" of metaphysics inclined them to shrink from discussing questions which are, after all, strictly relevant and essential. Our teachers had of course a philosophy of religion, but they did not often expound or defend their views on the vital question. They were generally content to assume them. This shrinking from the "abstract" implies no indifference to the great issues; but it certainly was congenial to those who were indifferent. We know pretty well what is the "religion of all sensible men," careful as sensible men may be not to reveal it. Any man whose religion was of that type was safe at Cambridge from impertinent curiosity — nobody would ask what he thought. His creed was certainly not without adherents. According to a very comfortable "Erastian" doctrine, the Church of England is simply a department of the state. The articles lay down the formulas which its members are forbidden to contradict. If in performing the services they have to affirm, as well as to refrain from denying certain doctrines, their personal convictions do not matter: they are merely acting in their official capacity, performing a ceremony considered by the authorities to be edifying, not stating what they believe to be true. That is not a theory which I hold myself; and I agree that it is open to some objections from the ethical point of view. Still I have known respectable persons who have accepted and acted upon it with apparently comfortable consciences. I do not believe nor mean to insinuate that such men were otherwise than exceptional. If I were to describe what was the average state of belief among my acquaintances, — and any such description must, of course, be highly conjectural, — I should be inclined to guess, in the first place, that

the great majority might fairly call themselves sincere believers. They held that some religious belief was not only supremely useful, but must somehow or other be true. They held also that the beliefs demanded from members of the Church of England were the least dogmatic, the easiest of acceptance, and capable of the widest interpretation. They might be aware that critics and scientific people had raised difficulties; and did not know very clearly what was the proper answer. They assumed that there was an answer somewhere or other, and meanwhile left the question to experts, avoided raising awkward questions, and went on the old lines comfortably and quietly. That was not a solution to satisfy everybody, and it did not satisfy me.

We had, I have said, no spiritual guides among the Cambridge residents. We had, of course, our favorite teachers in the world of speculative thought. The greatest of English writers who could assume such a position was Carlyle. Carlylism had its zealots, and Froude has told us how he and others oscillated between the opposite poles of Carlyle and Newman. To most of us, however, Carlyle passed for an eccentric Diogenes or, as he called himself, a St. John the Baptist, denouncing not only the wearers of purple and fine linen, but everybody who had a decent coat to his back. Sartor Resartus called upon us to throw aside the old clothes of orthodoxy — "to come out of Houndsditch," as he put it. The prophet was fulminating outrageous denunciations against things in general, and yet offering no tangible alternative. His Latter-Day Pamphlets had shocked not only the good British Tory, but the sound Liberal, who was scandalized by any apology for slavery. His theology, whatever that might precisely be, was too vague for practical purposes. Young men who were not prepared to "swallow all formulas" and, like Herr Teufelsdröckh, strip themselves stark naked, read Coleridge, and found the most attractive contemporary leader in the admirable F. D. Maurice. He, they thought, might be taken as a guide to the promised land where orthodox dogma in alliance with philosophy could also be reconciled with science and criticism. Maurice undeniably was one of the most attractive and saint-like of men. He was clearly sincere even to an excess of scrupulosity. His very weaknesses and excess of sensibility gave to his friends the sense that they were the bodyguard of an unworldly teacher, whom they could relieve from practical difficulties, and screen from the harsh censures of the ordinary controversialist and the religious newspaper. I always remember a photograph in which he appeared taking the arm of Tom Hughes. Hughes was turning a reverential glance to his master and at the same time looking from the corner of his eye with an obvious wish that some caviler would try to punch the prophet's head and require a lesson from a practical expert in the art of fisticuffs. The loyalty of the disciples was most natural and intelligible. Maurice in the pulpit was the very incarnation of earnestness, reverence, and deep human feeling. But he did not strike me as an incarnation of clear-headedness. No one could denounce more impressively the coarse theology which dealt in threats of hell-fire and hopes that a wrathful deity might be appeased by transferring the penalty to perfect innocence. The true gospel revealed a loving father, not an arbitrary tyrant. But then came a difficulty. The coarse version, he held, had been somehow read into the dogmatic system: it was not properly there. The plain meaning of the gospels more or less embodied in the Thirty-Nine Articles was the very reverse, and, moreover, was as clear as daylight to the unsophisticated reader. Formulas repulsive to the human heart and conscience, if interpreted in the vulgar plan, became infinitely beautiful and edifying in the natural

meaning. So far, therefore, from rejecting, you were to accept them as unconditionally true. To the ordinary mind this feat seemed to require considerable ingenuity and a kind of spiritualization uncongenial to common sense. It was easier to say that hell was a figment than to make hell a manifestation of mercy; and the statement that all who denied certain metaphysical dogmas should without doubt perish everlastingly was somehow an awkward way of asserting the universality of divine love. "Eternal," said Maurice, "has nothing to do with time;" which was a more satisfactory than intelligible conclusion. I once ventured in an article some years later to express my difficulty in understanding how the Thirty-Nine Articles came to express a man's "deepest convictions in the most unequivocal language." Maurice accepted the phrase, though adding an explanation. A "more spiritual theology" was required than would have satisfied our ancestors; but "the groundwork" of such a theology was "laid bare" in the Thirty-Nine Articles. We should retain the groundwork instead of frittering it away with the broad church rationalists. Somehow or other the groundwork appeared to me to be made of crumbling materials.

I never doubted his sincerity or felt "contempt" for him personally; but I could not believe in his perspicacity. Perhaps that was because I was not a born Platonist, and could not breathe in the semi-mythical region where Maurice was at home, and where this transfiguration of dogmas may be perfectly natural. I found it easier simply to admit that the dogmas simply meant what the dogmatist supposed them to mean and to reject them "in a lump." I could admire the loyal enthusiasm of Kingsley and Hughes, but found the teaching of their prophet to be no help for my difficulties. It only seemed to lead into beautiful rose-colored mists of illusions, where anything might turn out to bear the reverse of its plain, everyday sense. I had taken orders, rashly, though not, I trust, with conscious insincerity, on a sort of tacit understanding that Maurice or his like would act as an interpreter of the true facts. The difficulty which finally upset me was commonplace and prosaic enough. I had to take part in services where the story of the flood or of Joshua's staying the sun to massacre the Amorites were solemnly read as if they were authentic and edifying narratives — as true as the stories of the Lisbon earthquake or of the battle of Waterloo, besides being creditable to the morality of Jehovah. It may be easy to read any meaning into a dogma, but since allegorizing has gone out of fashion historical narratives are not so malleable. They were, it seemed to me, true or false, and could not be both at once. Divines, since that day, have discovered that it is possible to give up the history without dropping a belief in revelation. I could not then, as I cannot now, take that view. I had to give up my profession. I once heard an anecdote of Maurice which proves, I think, that he was not without humor. He was lecturing a class of young men upon the Old Testament, and came to the story of Jacob's questionable behavior to Esau. After noticing the usual apologies, he added: "After all, my brethren, this story illustrates the tendency of the spiritual man in all ages to be a liar and a sneak." Nobody, it is superfluous to add, was less of a liar or a sneak than Maurice. But the "tendency" may lead the spiritual man to do quite innocently what in other men can only be done by deliberate self-mystification. I, not being a spiritual man, must have deserved one or both of these epithets had I continued to set forth as solemn truths narratives which I could not spiritualize, and which seemed to me to be exploded legends implying a crude and revolting morality — I gave up the attempt to reconcile the task to my conscience.

By degrees I gave up a good deal more; and here I must make a further confession. Many admirable people have spoken of the agony caused by the abandonment of their old creed. Truth has forced them to admit that the very pillars upon which their whole superstructures of faith rested were unsound. The shock has caused them exquisite pain, and even if they have gained a fresh basis for a theory of life, they still look back fondly at their previous state of untroubled belief. I have no such story to tell. In truth, I did not feel that the solid ground was giving way beneath my feet, but rather that I was being relieved of a cumbrous burden. I was not discovering that my creed was false, but that I had never really believed it. I had unconsciously imbibed the current phraseology; but the formulas belonged to the superficial stratum of my thought instead of to the fundamental convictions. I will not inquire what is the inference as to my intellectual development. I fear that it would be rather humiliating, or at least imply that the working of "what I pleased to call my mind" had been of a very easy-going and perfunctory character. But the ease of the change was probably due to another part of my intellectual "environment." In fact, the ordinary state of opinion among my Cambridge friends, as elsewhere, was permeated by an influence of which I have not yet spoken. We cared little for Carlyle and less for Newman; but we were thoroughly attracted by one man whom they both denounced. John Stuart Mill was then at the height of his influence. His books on Logic and on Political Economy had given him an established position. His Liberty, published in 1859, was accepted as a noble utterance of the truth, even by many men (Kingsley, for example) who belonged to a hostile school of thought. Mill was living in seclusion at that period; he had few personal relations with members of the political or social world; and we used to listen with reverential curiosity to the few anecdotes which might percolate through the two or three intimates admitted to the presence. No personal attraction, therefore, stimulated our loyalty; we read the books as we might treatises of physical or of mathematical science, and judged them as we might judge Newton's Principia without reference to the personality of the author. In later days I had a few glimpses of Mill himself, and was startled by the contrast between the reality and my preconceived image. I heard him speak in the House of Commons. Instead of an impassive philosopher, I saw a slight, frail figure, trembling with nervous irritability. He poured out a series of perfectly formed sentences with an extraordinary rapidity suggestive of learning by heart; and, when he lost the thread of his discourse, closed his eyes for two or three minutes, till, after regaining his composure, he could again take up his parable. Although his oratory was defective, he was clearly speaking with intense feeling, and was exceedingly sensitive to the reception by his audience. Some of his doctrines were specially irritating to the rows of stolid country gentlemen who began by listening curiously to so strange an animal as a philosopher, and discovered before long that the animal's hide could be pierced by scornful laughter. To Mill they represented crass stupidity, and he became unable either to conceal his contempt or keep his temper. Neither his philosophy nor his official experience had taught him to wear a mask of insensibility, especially when his friendships were touched. I once met him at a small gathering where some doubts were hinted as to the merits of a youthful disciple. Mill took the reflections as though they had been a personal attack upon himself. We were taken aback by the indignant zeal with which he proclaimed that the youth — a singularly fine specimen of the offensive prig in general estimation — possessed one of the clearest and most cul-

tivated intellects of the day. On such occasions he showed glimpses of the excessive sensibility which was so marked in his devotion to his wife. The Mill of the treatises, as we read them, was the very reverse — the embodiment of pure passionless reason. They possessed the merits which we most admired, — good, downright, hard logic, with a minimum of sentimentalism. Mill was, in short, utilitarianism, and classical Political Economy incarnate.

It is common to speak now as if the supremacy of the school of which he was the mouthpiece was then universally admitted. Ruskin, according to the legend which has grown up, was the first man to challenge this wicked monster generally called *laissez faire*. In one sense, this is absurd. Ruskin, as he always himself declared, was only applying the teaching of his master Carlyle, and aiming new darts at the "pig-philosophy." The orthodox utilitarians had always been a small and an essentially unpopular sect. The "Christian Socialist" movement of Maurice and his friends was only one symptom of a discontent with the adequacy of their teaching which had been uttered by many others. Kingsley had run his head against Political Economy most emphatically in Yeast and Alton Locke. But it is no doubt quite true that Mill's disciples claimed with complete confidence to be in possession of a definite and scientific system of economical, political, and ethical truth. They were calmly convinced that all objectors, from Carlyle downwards, were opposed to him as dreamers to logicians: and the recent triumph of free trade had given special plausibility to their claims. The claims exactly suited our Cambridge notions. The study of mathematical sciences predisposes, no doubt, to a sympathy with good hard reasoning, and our favorite antipathy was the "impostor," that is, the man given, in another favorite phrase of ours, to "gushing," and to allowing his feelings to override his common sense. My most intimate friend of those days was Henry Fawcett, afterwards the blind Postmaster General, and then a fellow of my college. No more generous or warm-hearted man has ever been known to me; not the less conspicuously because intellectually he belonged to that shrewd, hard-headed, north country type, which was so conspicuous at Cambridge; and which, it must be confessed, was apt to be as narrow as it was vigorous intellectually. Fawcett knew Mill's Political Economy as a Puritan knew the Bible. His own brief treatise was virtually a short summary of Mill with shrewd practical applications. In our little circle the summary answer to all hesitating proselytes was "read Mill." In those argumentations of which I have spoken, hour after hour was given to discussing points raised by Mill as keenly as mediæval commentators used to discuss the doctrines of Aristotle. The application of Mill's logic to religious orthodoxy is of course obvious. A thorough-going disciple must be an Agnostic. Indeed, he would probably come to regard the master himself as showing a questionable tenderness for the old creed. Mill, however, like the rest of his school, had preserved a rather singular reticence upon that side of his teaching. When his political opponents wished to prove his infidelity, the one sentence they could discover in his works was the assertion that he would rather go to hell than worship an immoral deity. His religious (or anti-religious) influence was therefore, one may say, latent. The inference was obvious if you chose to draw inferences. But that was needless for the Gallios who cared nothing for such inquiries; or who imitated Mill's own reticence. Undoubtedly many of us drifted in this direction, and my own admiration for Mill, though it was never quite unqualified, helped to alienate me from orthodoxy. But this meant an undercurrent of opinion which affected individuals, but did not rouse attention. Political questions were

more generally exciting. Our little world was, as I have said, agitated by the first step of university reform. The Fellows, as governing bodies of the various colleges, had to arrange schemes in combination with the parliamentary commission. The topics over which we argued are too obsolete to be worth exposition. I need only say that the chief aim of reformers showed no very revolutionary principles. The driving wheel of the university machinery was still to be competition for prize fellowships; and though some people were beginning to talk about "endowment of research," and Pattison wrote a very able book upon academical reorganization, such speculations had little affected our projects. One point may be worth a word. One of the chief changes which strikes an old student on returning to the scenes of his youth is the presence of woman. In my day we were a society of bachelors. I do not remember during my career to have spoken to a single woman at Cambridge except my bedmaker and the wives of one or two heads of houses. Those exalted ladies belonged to the upper sphere of severe dignity which formed a separate section of society. We were beginning to propose some modification of the absurd system of celibacy which meant in practice that every official teacher of youth should speedily become discontented with his position. Yet proposals to alter it excited horror. Fathers of families, it was known, were capable of everything; and married fellows, it was thought, would use the college endowments as patronage for their sons. I remember a pathetic sermon preached upon that subject by a gentleman, who, as soon as the law was altered, took advantage of the change by marrying himself and becoming, I may add, a most useful official, and the more useful for his charming wife. But to admit women to lectures was regarded as outside all practical possibilities. An American gentleman, Mr. Moncure Conway, I think, who came to Cambridge about 1863, told Fawcett in my hearing that we should admit female students within a generation. Fawcett, a most ardent advocate of woman's rights, replied that such a revolution might happen in a century. Within ten years Girton and Newnham were beginning their successful careers. Fawcett would have been startled could he have foreseen that his daughter was to be the first female senior wrangler. In that and in other directions we have moved fast. Meanwhile, university reform was merely a corollary from more general principles. Fawcett was my leader in the little warfare which introduced reform into our college. From very early days he had been stirred by political ambition; and I need not dwell upon the splendid audacity which enabled him not only to persevere when he was struck with blindness, but to make the accident a stepping-stone to success. Fawcett had a double share, I might say, of the true Cambridge spirit; where his hearty, downright ways made him universally popular, and where he found plenty of most congenial comrades. He got into some trouble a little later with his constituents for forming a "republican club," which counted among other members that most charming genius W. K. Clifford. Men should be no more ashamed of having been republicans in their youth, said Southey, than of having had the measles. Rather, one could say, a man should be ashamed of not having felt in his youth the generous impulses which make him sympathize with whatever appears to be the cause of progress. Enthusiasm, it is true, is apt to generate arrogance. The epithet "cocksure" has been applied to the Liberals of those days, and we probably deserved it. We held ourselves to be in the very van of the army of the faithful: and were comfortably convinced of the extreme stupidity of all our opponents. Looking back with the experience of later years, I feel some

bewilderment. It is often said that the radicalism of those days, with its faith in laissez faire and "Individualism," is hopelessly effete. Yet the modern Liberal still claims to represent the old reformers, and to inherit their happy peculiarity of being on the right side of every question. The old simple issues, in truth, have been perplexed by later development. The Radical takes credit for having transferred political power to the democracy, though the democracy sets at defiance the old Radical's hatred of government interference and of all socialistic legislation. The Tory boasts that the prejudice against state interference has vanished, though the rulers of the state have now to interfere as the servants and not as the masters of the democracy. Both sides have modified their creeds in course of their flirtation with Socialism, till it is difficult to assign the true principle of either, or trace the affiliation of ideas. In those days tendencies which have produced divergence of different wings of the Liberal party were still so far latent as to be comportable with apparent unity. The immediate issue was that which led to what Carlyle called the "shooting of Niagara." The question was whether the democracy was to be content with the position assigned to it by the reform bill of 1832. The Tory and the good old Whig of the Macaulay type were contented with the existing order. The extraordinary popularity of Palmerston during his last six years (1859–65) meant the good old British patriotism stimulated by the Crimean war or the Indian Mutiny and indifference or decided dislike to further political changes. On his death, the discontent which had been accumulating became manifest and patent. Cobden and Bright had won the battle of free trade against the squires, and had been the objects of the bitterest aversion among the ruling classes for their supposed want of patriotic feeling. People were now beginning to suspect that the Crimean war had been a stupendous blunder; and the success of the free trade gave credit to the champions who had forced it upon the old aristocratic class. Mill was the interpreter of the economic and political doctrine of which free trade had been a practical application. That doctrine is now condemned as "individualistic" and as sanctioning the selfishness of wicked capitalists. But to Mill and his disciples it showed a different face. In the first place, it meant for them justice to the poor, abolition of the tax on food, and full liberty to combine and coöperate. There could be no more energetic advocate than Mill of every measure which could strengthen the independence and improve the outlook of the laboring classes. The political economists indeed held, and, as I believe, held most truly, that no reform could be permanent which did not stimulate the sense of individual responsibility. The laborer must recognize his duties as well as his rights. If in asserting that side of the question too unconditionally they approved of "Individualism" in a bad sense, they were also assuring a fundamental truth which is now too often ignored or treated with contempt. I say so much to exclude the assumption that even implicit belief in the old economic doctrine meant cynicism or hard-hearted indifference to the interests of the poor. We held, it is true, that Ruskin when he attacked Mill was a sentimentalist, who could neither look facts in the face nor reason coherently. We could not believe in extemporizing Utopia or in hysterical denunciations of the whole industrial structure. Real improvement must condescend to be guided by scientific method. Mill and his closest followers were as keenly desirous as men could be of promoting the welfare of all classes, and as sensitive to the existing evils, however rashly they might have accepted certain nostrums as all-sufficient. Mill's generous aims appealed to Fawcett, and must be realized by accepting his principles. Though the

prophet was still in seclusion, one or two of his lieutenants reached us at Cambridge: especially W. T. Thornton, who was to convert Mill himself on an important point, and Hare, whose scheme of voting was to solve the great difficulty and make democracy supreme without being tyrannical. Fawcett himself was becoming known at that (I must confess) dreariest of all bodies, the Social Science Association, and as a candidate for a seat in Parliament. I was a humble satellite to my friend in that capacity, and for a period held myself to be a keen politician. I wrote a campaign newspaper started to support Fawcett's candidature on one occasion: I remember with a shudder addressing a mob from the windows of an inn at election time, and being cruelly chaffed for my well-meant eloquence; and I sat through a social science meeting, where I remember chiefly the painfully pathetic spectacle of Brougham, in his stage of senile decay, delivering a perfectly inaudible address to a pitying audience which tried to maintain a dumb show of respectful attention.

Fawcett's Radical friends at Cambridge were a small minority, but were numerous enough to give abundant animation to our discussions. One of the topics which then evoked the keenest interest was the civil war in the United States. It had incidentally a special interest for me. Mr. C. F. Adams has lately discussed in a very interesting paper the change which has come over English opinion upon American affairs. One remark which must, I think, be suggested to every reader of such discussions is the utter worthlessness from any logical point of view of any judgment passed by one nation upon another. I have lived many years in England, and still feel myself totally incompetent to form any trustworthy estimate of the moral value even of my own countrymen. I know intimately only a small section, and in regard to it I am prejudiced and in many ways ignorant. I am justified at most in rough conjectures about the great majority, whom I know only from second-hand sources. What right have I to speak with any confidence about the millions of another nation of which I am far more ignorant? The conventional picture made by one nation of another is a mere random putting together of hasty guesses and rash assumptions. International prejudices must be explained as irrational instincts, not as results of any intelligent observation. Fifty years ago the view taken of Americans by the English upper classes was the product of blind antipathies. Our national pride had suffered from the separation, and we naturally liked to believe that the separation had led to political deterioration on the other side. Meanwhile the unpatriotic Radical had never been tired of holding up the United States as the ideal of true democracy. There, said those wicked people, you have a standing proof that a great people can dispense with a monarchy, a House of Lords, and an established church. They represented the good old frugal republican simplicity and freedom from corruption. Such panegyrics only strengthened the Tory prejudice against republicans by the prejudices which made Cobden and Bright hateful to the right-minded believer in British institutions. For that, and many other reasons, the supposed collapse of the Union was, I fear, a sweet morsel to the average well-to-do Englishman. Spite of his pride in our own abolition of slavery, he was glad to see the democratic bubble burst, and persuaded himself by a smart article or two that slavery had nothing to do with the question. The ignorance displayed was gigantic, but not more gigantic than is usual. Meanwhile, to us young Radicals the sentiment seemed to be altogether mean and bigoted. We sympathized cordially with the Union, and the sense that we were in a minority in our own class gave special zest to our advocacy. Many a college feast was resolved

into a vehement debating society, and passions ran high.

At that time I had given up Noah's ark and my old calling. It struck me that I should gain new power to my elbow if I could say, "I have been on the spot." In 1863, accordingly, I crossed the Atlantic, and on reaching Boston heard of the battle of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg. I returned rich with three months' experience, and could lay down the law in Cambridge circles with unanswerable authority. I am afraid, indeed, that certain anecdotes, especially of some of Lincoln's humorous sayings, had more success than my political observations. To that journey I owe an advantage for which I am now most grateful. At the American Cambridge I had the good fortune to make friendships which have been invaluable. I can never forget the hours which I passed in Lowell's study at Elmwood. It was the beginning of cordial relations which lasted till his death, and only grew warmer with years — but of that I have spoken elsewhere. I remember telling him as a joke that I had thought of making a book of my travels when I got home. I was startled when he took me to be in earnest. I was too conscious of my ignorance to contemplate such a performance seriously, and I still looked upon bookmaking with the awful reverence of Gibbon contemplating his great work. My highest ambition was to qualify myself to write a newspaper article or two. I was aspiring, indeed, to a character for which I came to recognize my incompetence. I was, for once, traveling like the British member of Parliament who visits India in his endeavors to become a fountain of political information. Fawcett had obtained for me a letter of introduction to Seward from the great John Bright. Seward received me with the courtesy due to a friend of the chief English sympathizer, told me with a frankness which amazed my notions of official reticence that if England did not stop the "rams" then building the United States would go to war with us, and gave me the opportunity, for which I have always been grateful, of shaking hands with Abraham Lincoln. I felt myself to be a terrible impostor. I had, I fear, to exaggerate slightly as to the degree of my acquaintance with Bright, — whom I had never seen, — and felt painfully my incapacity to be even a political journalist. I had, indeed, sufficient zeal. Certain letters of the time enable me to recall my state of mind. They show how innocently I had accepted the Liberal platform of the day. I have not abandoned the opinions then expressed; I still think that I was substantially right; though I could not now be so much impressed by the truisms and commonplaces which I then took to be the best results of political wisdom. No doubt one's state is in some respects the more gracious when such moral platitudes as strike a popular audience and appeal to the gallery arouse one's own enthusiasm, and are announced with the fervor of a proselyte as new and startling truths. To be disposed to take them for granted, and to think rather of the limitations than of the positive significance of sounding moral generalities, is, it may be, a proof of sophistication if not of downright cynicism. I was then in my virtuous stage, I could heartily join in the applause which welcomes an oration denouncing slavery or cruelty to woman, as if nobody had ever denounced them before. Now, perhaps, I should be inclined to mutter with Brougham listening to a popular preacher, "the court is with you," and wish that he would expose the fallacies rather than assert the general truths embodied in edifying philanthropy. I had, so to speak, swallowed the orthodox political dogma whole, and had not yet begun to chew and digest. It was a virtuous and certainly an agreeable state of mind. I could follow my Mill or Bright unhesitatingly, and share the zeal with which Fawcett was enlisting in behalf of advanced reformers without a doubt that

we were in the van of progress, and that we were advancing not only the truth, but the whole truth. Before many years were over, I am afraid that my friends regarded me not, indeed, as a backslider, but as one whose zeal had grown rather tepid. A friend of mine used to tell a story of me upon which I vainly sought to cast a doubt. It was that I called upon him during the Franco-Prussian war, when I happened to have heard the news, of which he was still ignorant, of the catastrophe of Sedan. After a couple of hours' talk, about books, I imparted this startling intelligence incidentally as I was taking leave. My friend declares that he told this anecdote as creditable to me. He only meant to show that I was absorbed in literary interests, and so far resembled the immortal Goethe when he held the French Revolution of 1830 to be of insignificance compared with a declaration of Cuvier about the homologies of the skull. I must admit that my political zeal cooled down pretty rapidly. The refrigeration was due partly to a justifiable modesty. I most sincerely admired and envied the vigor with which Fawcett and others could throw themselves heart and soul into the thick of the struggle. Political warfare is a most fascinating and absorbing pursuit which gives full play to the highest intellectual faculties. But success in it, even in the capacity of journalist, — the only one open to me, — requires the shrewd eye for affairs which makes the practical man of business. I have always felt myself to be a child in such matters. I have my political opinions; but when it is a question of interpreting them into the dialect of the day, of appreciating the merits of a particular platform, or choosing the best method of giving effect to a policy, I am as helpless as a country parson on the Stock Exchange. Though I can't write verses, I am for such purposes as bad as the merest poet, and, therefore, I must confess that the society of active politicians is often uncongenial to me. They strike me as painfully self-righteous. They hold fidelity to a party to be among the highest of human virtues; and to me it generally seems to mean that a man attaches an absurd sanctity to some formula which he only half understands and is just as likely to apply in the wrong place as in the right. Consistency — a doubtful virtue at the best — comes to mean that you follow your leader in a confused struggle till you have lost your general bearings and may be heading in the wrong direction. As friends of mine came to be altogether absorbed in the vortex, I fully agreed that it was because they possessed faculties to which I could make no claim. But I felt also that it was at a certain cost. A friend who had succeeded in a political career was early good enough to administer consolation to me. It was not true, he said, that men who had made a mark as statesmen were necessarily superior to men of letters. That, of course, was the presumption, but cases might be mentioned of ministers of state not intrinsically superior to the best writers of the day. I tried to look as if the remark was as novel as, of course, it was gratifying. Still I had occasionally thought so myself; and I might have referred him to the famous passage in which Plato points out that Thales, though he fell into a well while looking at the stars, had really chosen a lot higher in some respects than that of the men who ridiculed his sheepish awkwardness. I do not profess to be a Thales or a Plato, but I speedily came to admit that I was less incapable of diverting myself in the world to which they belong than of playing a part in the rough and tumble of political warfare.

Leslie Stephen.

(To be continued.)

JOURNALISM.

[For the first two installments of Sir Leslie Stephen's reminiscent papers, see the ATLANTIC for September and October. — THE EDITORS.]

III.

MY Cambridge life was cut short by my inability, unfortunate or otherwise, to come to terms with the Thirty-Nine Articles. I was not, indeed, cast out by the orthodox indignation of my colleagues. At Cambridge, I have said, there was no bigotry; I was treated with all possible kindness; and for a time continued to reside in college and to take part in the work. But I had to resign the tutorship which involved specifically clerical functions, and at that time a university career offered few prospects to a layman. A Fellow, who was also a clergyman, might soar upwards toward the episcopal bench; and I am often tempted to regret that I did not swallow my scruples and aim at some modest ecclesiastical preferment. Bishops indeed have fallen upon evil days: they no longer enjoy the charming repose of the comfortable dignitaries of the eighteenth century. But I should dearly like a deanery. To hold such a position as Milman or Stanley seems to me the very ideal aim for a man of any literary taste; and, what with the broad church and the "higher criticism" of later days, it does not seem that it need have been very hard to follow old Hobbes's advice and swallow your pill without chewing it. However it was not to be; and I had to accept the only practicable alternative, and exchange the pulpit for the press.

I therefore cannot boast that I took to the literary profession from an overpowering love of letters. I had to scribble for the sufficient but not elevated reason that no other honest profession was open to me. Possibly I do not think so highly of the calling as some men whom I envy and admire, because in adopting it they are obeying their spontaneous vocation. A friend, only too partial a friend, lately attributed to me the opinion, that, on the whole, books ought not to be written. I do not accept that rather sweeping theory as an accurate interpretation of my view. I should have been glad to write some books — a new Paradise Lost, for example, or, say a Wealth of Nations — if I had seen my way to such achievements; but I rather doubt whether the familiar condemnation of mediocre poetry should not be extended to mediocrity in every branch of literature. In other walks of life a man may be doing something useful even if his walk be of the humblest. The world is the better, no doubt, even for an honest crossing sweeper. But I often think that the value of second-rate literature is — not small, but — simply zero. I would not, said the promising young painter, Clive Newcome, give a straw to be a Caracci or Caravaggio. Original genius is invaluable; but echoes — and few can hope to be more than echoes — are worthless. Why swell the multitudinous chorus of "words, words, words" which rather tend to drown the few voices that have a right to be heard? If one does not profess to be a genius, is it not best to console one's self with the doctrine that silence is golden, and take, if possible, to the spade or the pickaxe, leaving the pen to one's betters? Such doubts, I confess, did not trouble me at the time; perhaps they only impress one at the age when illusions vanish.

I joined the great army of literature, because I was forced into the ranks, but also with no little pride in my being accepted as a recruit. I took up the trade at a time when the leaders of the profes-

sion were worthy of their position. There were giants in those days, as we have been recently told. Sir Edward Clarke hurt the susceptibilities of modern authors by proclaiming their inferiority to the men of forty or fifty years ago. He gave a long list of the masterpieces published in the decade 1850–1860; by Tennyson and Browning and Arnold, by Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot and Bulwer and Kingsley, by Carlyle and Macaulay and Ruskin and Froude and Buckle; and declared that they had left no worthy successors to-day. We have not, he declared, one great poet or novelist or historian. I should be afraid to express an opinion on so delicate a point: it might seem ungracious if I were to condemn my junior comrades; and it may be that fifty years hence the reputations of some of them will have developed, and our successors be marveling at our failure to recognize the great writers who are now with us. It is, however, undeniable that we could not now make out such a list of established and acknowledged reputations. That seems to those who can remember it to have been like a period when every morning brought a noble chance and every chance brought out a noble knight. In the following decade, most of those mentioned were still alive and active; though Macaulay and Thackeray had died before I came to London, and Carlyle had finished his life's work. The literary profession gained honor from its leaders. I could, of course, have no thought of treading in the footsteps of the poets or novelists. I have always had the difficulty which Jonathan Oldbuck tells us prevented him from being a poet: I could not write verses. I never, even in my boyhood, composed an epic upon King Arthur or a tragedy with Mary, Queen of Scots, for a heroine. If my schoolfellows had compelled me, as they apparently compel all sucking novelists, to act as Scheherezade, they would not have prolonged my existence in order to hear my stories finished. Preaching perhaps was more in my line, and I had my dreams of helping to set the world right upon various philosophical, political, and economic problems. A good many young men of those days were enthusiastically expecting the speedy advent of a democratic millennium. I was, as I have said, sitting like most of my friends at the feet of J. S. Mill, then beginning his brief parliamentary career.

But I saw more personally of the prophet who was at the opposite pole of thought. Carlyle was still to be seen tramping sturdily enough the Chelsea and Kensington region with an admirer or two — Froude or the charming Irish poet Allingham — forming a little bodyguard to the "grand old Diogenes," as Huxley called him. Certainly he looked the character. His love of portraits fortunately included a love of his own; and, though they were apt to remind him rather of a "flayed horsehead" than of the original features, they seemed to others to give a vivid enough impression. The grand brow overhanging the keen eyes and the worn features told sufficiently that his long pilgrimage had led through regions of gloom and sorrow and the many hard struggles by which he had won his way to fame. I was then, like most people, very slightly acquainted with his personal history; but for me he was the object of fascination tempered by no little alarm. I saw him occasionally in the little house in Cheyne Row, now consecrated to his memory, in the sad and solitary years which succeeded the loss of his wife. My alarm was due partly, let us hope, to the natural modesty of a young author in the presence of a great veteran; and partly to a lurking fear of probable disapproval. I might at some rash moment let out that I had leanings toward the pig-philosophy and even some belief in the "dismal science"! I felt something like the editor of some Sadducees' Gazette interviewing St. John the Baptist. I was not less impressed than

a true disciple by the personal dignity of the man. When indeed the old gentleman got on to his high horse of declamation and insisted upon the vitality and the ubiquity of the devil in modern times, one could only "lie low" and let the thunder pass over one's head. No man above seventy — as I now hold still more strongly — should ever be contradicted. It was pleasant, too, as many hearers have remarked, to hear the rare but hearty laugh — reminding one of Johnson's "rhinoceros" explosion — which showed that the humorist could be conscious of his own extravagances.

But he was more attractive in the vein represented by the inimitable Life of Sterling and the pathetic passages in the Reminiscences. The unequaled power of graphic portraiture and the profound tenderness for the old days were not marred — so far as I ever heard — by those petulant outbreaks which would have been excised from the posthumous book if his directions had been obeyed, and which gave to the respectable world an impression of sardonic misanthropy. One cannot, indeed, expect a John the Baptist to adopt the orthodox tone about the popular idols whom it was his special function to denounce. He did in all seriousness think many people fools, though when he asserted that Newman had the brains of a moderate-sized rabbit, he was not pronouncing a reasoned judgment. But one went to Carlyle to be roused, — not to get cool scientific formulas, and so rare a phenomenon as a prophet-humorist must be taken on his own ground. Of that, however, enough has been said, and I will only add that I never had to complain of roughness, even such as Johnson bestowed upon Boswell. Age, I suppose, had diminished the old overbearing manner, and I always found him thoroughly courteous. I may be excused if I correct an anecdote for which I am responsible. When I asked leave to introduce Stevenson to his famous countryman, the old man, it is said, refused to let another interviewer come to look upon his "wretched old carcass." That is true, but there is an appendix to the story. I had refused to introduce another admirer on the ground that I was not sufficiently acquainted with the great man. By a blunder, however, this person was presented to him as coming from me. Carlyle received him civilly, but found him to be a full-blown specimen of the bore, — not one of the many millions of that species whom he took to inhabit the United States. I happened to meet Carlyle a day or two later, when he intimated to me the nature of the infliction. Idiotically enough, instead of disavowing the responsibility, I thereupon proposed to introduce the then unknown young gentleman who has since become famous. It was, I suppose, the usual case of shyness blundering into impudence; and I feel that I deserved a rather testy reply. Anyhow it was the one bit of irritability which I ever had to notice; though I felt, as I have said, that I was a rather questionable intruder upon the inner circle.

I have diverged a little because Carlyle remains to me the most interesting of all the eminent men whom I have seen, and because his career points a moral. He once remarked to me — as one stating a plain matter of fact — that the newspaper articles of the day were so much "ditchwater," not, I suppose, springs of living thought, but stagnant canals of vapid platitudes. No one had a better right to condemn the weaknesses of journalists, for his early life had been a stern struggle against the temptations that most easily beset those who have to make a living by the trade. He had never condescended in his worst straits to scamp his work: he always wrote his very best; and instead of courting the taste of popular readers, gradually extorted recognition of his peculiar powers, — at the price, it is true, of exaggerated mannerism. He was, on this occasion, repeating the opinion which he had formed

from his early impressions of the literary circles of London. Those impressions were severe enough. When Jeffrey, the greatest light among journalists, complained of him for being so desperately in earnest, he was only saying what the average literary hack was pretty certain to feel. Mill has rather quaintly compared the Hebrew prophets to the newspaper press; but the comparison can hardly be inverted. There are not many modern journalists who impress one by their likeness to a Jeremiah or a John the Baptist. The man who comes to denounce the world is not likely to find favor with the class which lives by pleasing it; and except to one or two ingenuous young gentlemen, like Sterling and Mill, Carlyle appeared as an eccentric, mystical, and unintelligible fanatic. I can understand, on the other side, why Charles Lamb seemed to him the most futile of idols, making puns and drinking gin and water, and not prepared to listen to a Scottish sermon. The cockneys were lamentably given to chaff and levity: their earnestness, when they had any, was apt to take the form of savage personality; of smashing an unfortunate poet who belonged to the other side, or pouring out voluminous abuse like the stalwart but often foul-mouthed Cobbett. There were some able and honest writers in the newspapers; but too many were of the Bohemian free lance variety, ready to take service on either side, and to recommend their services by reckless abuse. The profession, in fact, had not yet shaken off the vices generated in the old Grub Street days, when a writer had often to choose between selling himself and starving.

A great change had followed the Reform Bill, and the newspaper had improved as it became the organ of the middle class which then rose to power. Delane of the Times had to be courted by the statesmen who had professed simple contempt for his predecessors; and in the fifties the influence of the paper had culminated till it was taken to be the authentic incarnation of public opinion. Kinglake gives a graphic (I do not say an authentic) account of the secret of the authority which enabled it to order the siege of Sebastopol. It employed, he declares, a shrewd, idle clergyman to frequent places of common resort and discover what was the obvious thought that was finding acceptance with the average man. The thought was then put as though it were the suggestion of ripe political philosophy; while the public so delicately flattered wondered at its own wisdom. That, no doubt, is a very telling method. There is an instructive comment in Coleridge's Aids to Reflection upon a passage of Leighton. He begins by saying that Leighton speaks so well that he could believe him to be divinely inspired, and he ends by remarking that he agrees with the passage so fully that he could think that he had written it himself. The two observations are exactly identical in meaning. Other journals, I fancy, act on the same principle. The difference was that they generally represent a party, whereas the Times seemed to utter the voice of the nation at large. By my time, however, it had no longer the old authority. Cheap newspapers had sprung into existence upon the abolition of the stamp duty and interpreted the sentiments of the classes which were gaining political power.

Another less noticeable change was taking place. The profession of journalism was becoming respectable. Thackeray gives in Pendennis a portrait of the newspaper world, with which nobody was better acquainted in the years which succeeded the Reform Bill. Captain Shandon is supposed to represent the brilliant and reckless Maginn, one of the most typical figures of the class. No doubt there were other originals for the minor contributors to the fictitious Pall Mall Gazette. The scholar and gentleman Warrington associates with them, but as it were under protest. He is supposed to

write in the best paper of his day, but he only admits the fact to Pendennis in confidence, and confesses that he is half ashamed of writing for money. Periodical literature is hardly considered to give fitting employment for a gentleman. Then, and previously of course, it was a feather in a man's cap to have contributed to one of the great quarterlies. At first, indeed, Jeffrey had been afraid to let it be known that he was editing the Edinburgh lest it should injure his professional prospects. But in the days of Macaulay, there could be no thought of derogation. Yet even Macaulay when collecting his essays (in 1843) apologizes for apparently claiming a permanent place in literature for mere review articles which presumably belonged to the ephemeral class. He protests that he was forced to take the step by American reprints. Sydney Smith, I think, was the only Edinburgh reviewer who had anticipated him in collecting his articles. There was still, I take it, a lingering impression that periodicals were the proper sphere for the inferior caste, and that a serious author was rather condescending if he cooperated with the regular literary hack. At the present day we seem to be reversing the order, and the presumption is coming to be that an author publishes in book shape because he cannot get admission to a magazine.

One symptom of the change was the success of the Saturday Review, started in 1855. Like the Edinburgh Review, or, indeed, like Addison's Spectator, it meant that as the reading class multiplied, there was a growing movement of literary talent toward the periodical press. In each case, the cultivated critics found that there was a new audience prepared to accept their authority. The Saturday Reviewers, like Jeffrey and his friends, laid on the lash with a will: they showed themselves to be superior persons by exposing the pretenders of the day. When their victims shrieked like the victims of the Dunciad, and called them cynical, superfine, and so forth, they felt that they were doing a service to mankind. They accepted complacently the name of Saturday "Revilers." The outcry proved that they were smiting the Philistines under the fifth rib; and they specially rejoiced in trampling upon the idols of the less cultivated classes, who wept over Dickens's sentimentalism, or believed in the old-fashioned Puritanism which Dickens detested.

Few journals, as Mr. Bryce has lately remarked, have ever had so brilliant a staff as the Saturday Review in its early period. When I was accepted a little later, I felt like a schoolboy promoted to the Sixth Form, which he has been regarding with awful reverence. Many of them were men, young enough to be still surrounded with the halo of brilliant achievements at the University, — and, therefore, as we confidently believed, about to astonish the universe at large. While waiting to blaze out in the political or legal world, they could turn an honest penny, and raise the general standard of enlightenment, though shining as under a bushel in the anonymous state. They formed, indeed, a very miscellaneous body. The proprietor of the paper, Mr. Beresford Hope, was, I believe, a very amiable and cultivated man. He professed an Anglicanism of the type which suits the refined country gentleman. He converted the remains of an old monastery into a missionary college. He built churches supposed to represent the highwater mark of the ecclesiastical revival of the time, and he was a fitting representative in Parliament of the University of Cambridge, where the country clergy were then the dominant constituents. Its editor, John Douglas Cook, was an amusing contrast. The details of his career, as narrated by himself, were supposed to owe something to his creative imagination. He had been in India, and stated, I think, that he had returned on foot. Afterwards he had made himself useful to great men in the world

of journalism and politics; and had edited the Morning Chronicle, then the organ of the party which adhered to Peel after the abolition of the corn laws. He had never acquired the university polish, and, indeed, seemed to know little of any literature outside of newspapers. His manners rather suggested that he was a survivor of the old Shandon or Maginn creed. I know nothing of his religious opinions, but I can hardly imagine that he was for Mr. Beresford Hope's creed, or ambitious of suffering martyrdom, or even injuring the paper for that or any other creed. But he was a most successful and meritorious editor. He had a keen scent for promising talent, even when he had little knowledge of the subject matter. He could give good-natured encouragement, and let one know gently when one was straying from the right path. Anyhow he managed to collect most of the promising young men, some of whom, as for example the late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Morley, have become famous, while others devoted to the paper talents which might have made them famous.

Of those who chose to remain obscure, the most remarkable, I suppose, was G. S. Venables. Few people, it is probable, know his name, though some have heard it as that of the schoolfellow who broke Thackeray's nose at the Charterhouse. His own nose happily escaped: for he was a man of very noble presence, and the hostile encounter was succeeded by an enduring friendship with his opponent. They were contemporaries at Cambridge, where Venables became a friend of Tennyson and of the Tennysonian circle. He claimed to have been one of the first who recognized Tennyson's genius, and long afterwards was again among the first to hail Mr. Swinburne, the next worthy successor, as he held, to the poetic throne. He had qualities other than literary culture which endeared him to a small circle of friends. One of them, the least given to gushing, declared that Venables had been to him a second father; and he was, I have every reason to believe, a man of most chivalrous and affectionate nature. Venables obtained a leading practice at the parliamentary bar, a position which does not lead to popular fame or professional advancement. He was reserved in manner, and, like other shy men, taken by outsiders to be supercilious and sarcastic. Perhaps it was natural to one of that temperament to be content with anonymous work. He was, for many years, the chief political writer in the Saturday Review, and did, I fancy, more than any one to strike the keynote of the general style. His friends used to tell stories of the singular felicity with which he could extemporize highly polished and dignified articles. One of his fancies was a prejudice against the editorial "we;" and his remarks would take the form of a series of political aphorisms, not so much expressing personal sentiment, as emanating from Wisdom in the abstract. They seemed to be judicial utterances from the loftiest regions of culture; balanced, dignified, and authoritative, though, of course, edged by a sufficient infusion of scorn for the charlatan or the demagogue. I do not mean to suggest that he was often or generally on the right side; that is an irrelevant question in journalism, nor do I suppose that it would be worth while to search the files of the Saturday Review in the hope of finding, as in Burke's writings, maxims of deep philosophical value, even when enlisted in the service of error. What Venables's articles really did, I take it, was to embody, in finished and scholarlike style, the opinions prevalent among the most intelligent circles of the London society of which Holland House had been the centre in the preceding generation. The aristocratic patron was now less conspicuous, but the class represented the fine flower of the universities, the leaders of the great professions and in the civil service, the men who are familiar with cabinet ministers

on the one side, and with the great literary and scientific lights on the other. The popular view personified them vaguely as "the Clubs," — institutions in which cynics sneer at all enthusiasm and are dead to the great impulses which "stir the great heart of the people." To me, I confess, they appear to be a valuable social stratum, though more likely to supply negative criticism than to give an impulse to reform. Zealots should perhaps be more grateful than they are to those whose function it should be to purify zeal from the alloy of demagogue humbug. In fact, they irritated rather than influenced.

The Saturday Review doctrine was embodied in Parliament at this time by the brilliant speeches in which Robert Lowe denounced the extension of the suffrage, carried by Disraeli. The result attributed to his agitation was that the measure actually carried was more decisively democratic. It may be held that such opponents only acted like the picador who worries the bull into a more savage and blindfolded charge. Yet on the whole I think that they contributed a useful element to the contemporary discussions. In another sphere, I take it, the Saturday Review did a less questionable service. It enlisted the great Freeman, who brought down his sledge-hammer upon poor Froude and upon all whom he took to be historical charlatans. That Freeman was a bit of a pedant, and had a rough and uncouth surface, is, I suppose, undeniable. I came in contact with him only once, and at a later period. He wrote a life of Alfred for the Dictionary of National Biography under my editorship, but declined to do more because we had a difference of opinion as to whether Athelstane should be spelled with an A. That was, I confess, a question to which I was culpably indifferent; but I had taken competent advice, and my system (I forget what it was!) had been elsewhere sanctioned by the great historian Stubbs. Now as Freeman was never tired of asserting the infallibility of Stubbs, I innocently thought that I might take refuge behind so eminent an authority. The result was that for once Freeman blasphemed Stubbs, and refused to cooperate any longer in an unscholarlike enterprise.

In the Saturday Review Freeman's pet crotchets became rather tiresome. One did not want to be reminded every week that Charlemagne was not a Frenchman, and that there was no such thing as an "Anglo-Saxon" nation. I felt a certain malicious pleasure when Freeman tripped for once in correcting Froude, and declared it impossible that a ship should have been named the Ark Raleigh. As it happened, it was. Freeman's insistence upon such punctilios was, however, a symptom of most commendable thirst for thorough workmanship. Freeman tried to raise the English standard of historical research to a level with the German. Whether that has been done, I cannot say; but the conscience of the British student has certainly been screwed up to a much higher pitch, and Freeman's articles — as well as his voluminous books — must be counted as one of the most effective stimulants in the cause. Pretenders became afraid of being exposed on so conspicuous a pillory. If Freeman's wrath against Froude burnt a little too fiercely and frequently, he was making an example of a leading offender; and he showed fully equal warmth in "blowing the trumpet" of good workers. He was delighted to come across young men of promise such as J. R. Green, and did his best to spread their reputation. His biography shows sufficiently that, besides his stupendous industry, he had a warm heart and real tenderness under the rough outside. His politics, right or wrong, were those of a generous lover of justice, and he left the Saturday Review, giving up an important source of income, when it supported the Beaconsfield government in what he thought an immoral policy.

There were other contributors who did a similar service. Mark Pattison, for example, as the Life of Casaubon suggests, had the veneration for the giants of learning which religious zealots keep for the saints. Scholarship, one almost fancied, was his religion: a fastidious and, in some respects, morbid temperament prevented him doing justice to a singularly fine intellect, and perhaps with an infusion of Freeman's robustness he might have done more work, and assailed successfully defects in the academic system which he pointed out with a rather pessimistic despair. He certainly would not have given up a favorite literary task because he had been anticipated by a learned German. His friends, I think, regretted that his want of self-confidence led him to waste talent upon anonymous journalism. I do not know how much he actually wrote; but he was one of the accomplished writers who could make the Saturday Review a really effective literary tribunal. When he had, among others, such collaborators as Sir Henry Maine and Mr. Goldwin Smith, there could be no lack of scholarship or grace of style.

One other element in the paper was the so-called "middle" or lay sermon upon things in general. The most frequent occupants of the pulpit at the early period were T. C. Sandars and my brother FitzJames. Sandars, like Venables, remained in obscurity and turned his talents to business. He was a burly, broad-shouldered man, full of witty and genial talk, and obviously running over with good nature. He could, however, lay on the lash with singular dexterity. I happened to hear one day how one of his victims, author of a highly popular and sentimental work, had written to the editor complaining that his prospects in life had been ruined by one of Sandars's critiques. I happened to meet the author about the same time, who told me what a hearty laugh he had enjoyed over the treatment of his work. He was, I thought, stretching excusable hypocrisy a little too far; but of course, far from being ruined, he succeeded well enough to regain, I fancy, a comfortable self-complacency. My brother, if less incisive, could be at least equally vigorous. Some of his articles were republished in a volume called Essays by a Barrister, a test to which few newspaper articles are worth exposing. They could not have been popular, for they were directly deficient in the sentimental optimism which attracts a virtuous public.

Strong realistic common sense of the Johnson variety implies contempt for the unctuous phrases by which a popular preacher passes over ugly facts, and suspicion of the ostentatious philanthropy in which he indulges. The devil, it holds, is not yet dead, and we will not be subdued by sprinkling of rosewater. The epithet cynical applied to the Saturday Review is entirely inappropriate to that attitude of mind. Most readers, I fancy, will be more inclined to condemn it, as Jeffrey condemned Carlyle, for an excess of earnestness. It savored of the pulpit. In the case of other articles there was levity enough to give rise to the charge of cynicism. The paper had its established butts: unlucky victims kept like the bag fox of huntsmen, such as Tupper the poet, or that Dr. Cumming who was daily expecting the battle of Armageddon, who could be turned out for a day's sport whenever game was scarce. The fun was perhaps occasionally cruel and apt to be one-sided. You might ridicule the evangelicism which was gone out of fashion, but in the organ of a sound Anglican you could not attack the foibles (I suppose they had foibles) of the high church party. It was, indeed, only necessary to read between the lines to see that much of the polemic might receive a wider application. Most of the contributors, I suspect, had little enough orthodoxy, though they could not be avowedly skeptical. But the public does not read between the lines.

The journalist who is anxious about his soul ought, I suppose, to have an enthusiastic belief in the causes which he advocates. There are, of course, many such men. At this time, for example, the admirable R. H. Hutton, who had in 1861 taken command of the Spectator and impressed upon it his own personality. If his enthusiasms a little outran his discretion, he atoned for such weakness by thorough candor to his antagonists. The late Mr. Godkin devoted a sturdier intellect to his self-imposed duty as censor of the morals of American politicians. Such men, expressing strong personal convictions, deserve the highest respect, and may justify Mill's theory about the prophetic office. But that singular entity, called a newspaper, when not dominated by an individual mind, always presents some problems in casuistry to a conscientious contributor. It may be the organ of the party to which you belong, but you must be very fortunate if you can really believe that your party represents the whole truth or does not demand uncomfortable sacrifices of fair play. I certainly did not believe in the creed, so far as it had any, of the Saturday Review.

I disapproved of its political tendencies; and many of its best contributors, keener politicians and certainly not less honest men than I, must have quite agreed with me. I do not know whether we took the trouble to frame any theory in self-justification. We might have urged that the opinions were such as had a good right to be uttered, and possibly have added the Machiavelian suggestion that the utterance was not likely to propagate them. It was Heine, I think, who said that he believed in atheism till he came to know atheists: and I have generally found that nothing alienates one from a creed so much as the writings of its apologists. That, however, is a refinement. It would be a better argument that the Review represented a real attempt to raise the intellectual level of journalism and claimed to be an organ of what is now called culture. Anyhow, I am impenitent as regards my share in it. I was never, so far as I can remember, dishonest in the sense of ever defending what I took to be the wrong side. I am afraid that I may have been guilty of some over-confidence in my own infallibility. I wrote with a certain happy audacity; I gave my view of things in general. I had nothing to do with politics or theology, but it seems to me that I ranged over most branches of human knowledge, from popular metaphysics to the history of the last university boat-race. I reviewed countless books, poems, novels, travels, economic treatises, and literary history. I fancy that I was pretty harmless. I have some reason to think that I saved one gentleman from adding an indefinite series of cantos to a poem; and I may have indulged in a flout or two at well-meaning people, which I should now be hardly prepared to justify. My chief impression, however, is different. I had not long ago to turn over the files of the paper for another purpose. Incidentally I looked for my own contributions, and was startled to find that I could rarely distinguish them by internal evidence. I had unconsciously adopted the tone of my colleagues, and, like some inferior organisms, taken the coloring of my "environment." That, I suppose, is the common experience. The contributor occasionally assimilates; he sinks his own individuality, and is a small wheel in a big machine. If he believes in an honest wheel, neither lying nor scamping, he may be satisfied. The newspaper press is anyhow a necessity even if the "public opinion" which it utters has not that transcendental wisdom and infallibility which enthusiasts claim for it; and a man who helps to maintain a wholesome tone is doing good service. Perhaps he may give thanks that his anonymity saves him from some of the temptations which have weakened the moral fibre and injured the work of

so many men of letters who do not wear the mask.

The Saturday Review, meanwhile, was not the only medium through which I endeavored to illuminate the world. The Pall Mall Gazette was started just as I was becoming a journalist, and it was in some ways a more congenial organ. The first editor, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who had suggested the scheme to its proprietor, Mr. George Smith, was a man under whom it was a pleasure to serve. He encouraged me with a cordiality for which I shall always be grateful, and had a cheering confidence in his contributors and a belief in the goodness of their work. The paper was supposed to represent in the daily press the same social stratum which had the Saturday for its weekly organ. It did not, however, meet with the same success for some time; and, rather oddly, gained its first start by a famous article in which a gentleman described his experiences in the "casual ward" of a workhouse. That, however, called attention to the writing of a more ambitious kind. My brother threw himself into the work with amazing energy. He could express his view upon ecclesiastical matters without the reticence enforced in the Saturday: and I venture to think that he had few equals in good downright sledge-hammer controversy. He was less interested in the purely political questions of that time, but he wrote with a sturdy common sense which gave a characteristic flavor to the paper. He had able coöperators, specially the gigantic Higgins, or "Jacob Omnium," who was unrivaled for his skill in composing "occasional notes," — then a novelty, — the miniature articles which condense into a sentence or two the pith of a couple of columns. That, to say the truth, must often be easy enough. A long list of other eminent contributors is given in the Life of George Smith prefixed to the supplementary volumes of the Dictionary of National Biography. Following in the wake of such leaders, I felt that I was under less restraint than in the Saturday. But I had certain ambitions to make a few remarks in my own person, and felt that the kind of superficial omniscience demanded from the journalist becomes in the long run rather distracting. A newspaper article, too, can be written in a very short time, but it seems to exhaust a disproportionate amount of energy, and excellence in the craft requires that a man should be more inclined to act the part of Kinglake's shrewd clergyman — absorbing the various manifestations of public opinion.

My work in the Pall Mall Gazette had made me acquainted with George Smith, and the acquaintance soon ripened into one of the most valuable friendships of my life. He had in the highest degree some of the qualities which one desires in a friend. He was the stanchest, most straightforward, and heartiest of men; pugnacious enough to be a "good hater," but the best of backers to those whom he really loved. Plunged into business at the age of fourteen, he had little chance for literary education, and he was ever afterwards engaged in a variety of commercial enterprises which might well have absorbed his energies. But he had from the first a keen interest in literature, and became the publisher and friend of a remarkable number of eminent writers. His earliest connections of the kind were with Leigh Hunt and "Orion" Horne, and one of the last, with Mrs. Humphry Ward. Few of his authors failed to become his personal friends. Miss Brontë (who, I need hardly say, was discovered by Smith and his reader Mr. Williams) drew his portrait in the Dr. John of Villette. It has not the minute fidelity of some of her sketches, but gives a characteristic sketch of the impression made upon her by the masterful and chivalrous young man. He is so genuine that the poor governess, herself in the shade, is cheered instead of depressed by the sunlight of success which seems appropriate to him. In later years, Smith won the warmest

regards of such men as Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Tom Hughes, and on more than one occasion justified their affection by solid proofs of good will.

With no one had he more cordial relations than with Thackeray during the last ten years of the novelist's life; and Thackeray's children then and afterwards felt Smith's friendship to be a most valuable possession. The foundation of the Cornhill Magazine, with Thackeray as editor and chief contributor, was one of the literary landmarks of the period. Thackeray's reputation gave it a special stamp, and he was able to secure the coöperation of many of the ablest writers. It had the advantage of a remarkable set of illustrations by such men as Millais, Leighton, Frederick Walker, and Du Maurier. It was an unprecedented shillings-worth, and achieved a brilliant success. Macmillan's Magazine, of less dazzling pretensions, had been launched a month earlier; and their example was soon followed by the earlier of the great swarm of more or less smaller periodicals which now flourish so luxuriantly. The Cornhill was strictly limited to the inoffensive, — it was to contain nothing which could be unsuitable reading for the daughters of country parsons whom Trollope was describing in its pages. Thackeray was forced, with many twinges, to decline a poem of Mrs. Browning because it referred to facts supposed to be unknown to that interesting class of the population. Ruskin's fierce assault upon the economists of the day had to be rejected, not because Thackeray or Smith themselves objected, but as calculated to make the hair of their public stand on end.

The rejection of Ruskin by Fraser's Magazine, then edited by Froude, was more remarkable. They were friends besides being fellow disciples of Carlyle, and Froude could certainly not condemn Ruskin's teaching on his own score. The case was significant of the two most famous of the older magazines of those days. Blackwood was, of course, of the Tory faith; and Fraser, in spite of its distinguished editor, was beginning to lose its position. Froude, one would have thought, should be a model editor. Nobody could write more charming periodical essays, as he showed in his Short Studies; no one could be more charming personally, or have a finer literary taste. He had, I think, one weakness as editor. He had not discovered, what I take to be true, that in judging our article, first thoughts are quite as likely to be right as second or third. It is best to decide at once and put your contributors out of pain, — whereas Froude would oscillate long between yes and no, from conscientiousness or, perhaps, from a certain timidity. In any case he was hardly the man to attract eager young Liberal writers. Carlylism appeared to them to be simply reactionary and cynical, as indeed Carlyle was never tired of expressing contempt for modern progress and its favorite shibboleths. His disciples agreed with him in that; but while Ruskin was stung to the passionate and stinging outbursts which gave him an influence comparable to Rousseau's, Froude had rather the intellectual temperament which we associate with Hamlet. The world was out of joint; and he did not feel competent to set it right. In any case, not much could have been made of his organ. It is an uphill task to infuse new life into a decaying periodical. Fraser's had become thoroughly respectable since the days of Maginn; and in public would, no doubt, have resented the Ruskinian vein.

Froude, indeed, allowed some of us (I felt honored in being one) to attack certain common enemies. When Kingsley, for example, got into his unlucky controversy with Newman, Froude and my brother tried to bring out what Kingsley ought to have said. I was permitted to preach a sermon or two upon a text from Carlyle, who had said that Arthur Stanley was going about boring holes in the

bottom of the Church of England; and to argue that that process would not succeed in keeping the ship afloat. I remember, too, undertaking to give a judicial account of Comte's philosophy, — a daring undertaking, for, according to the believers in that creed, no outsider can ever speak of it without grievous misunderstanding. I do not know how far I succeeded. I had been greatly impressed by Comte's books, and have always thought that they were inadequately appreciated by men of science as well as by theologians. I have valued friends among the members of his church, and fancy that if I had been at Oxford, I might have become a convert. Still I fear that they had too much reason for thinking that I sat in the seat of the scorner. A new religion always has a comic side to the wicked. The expectations of the founder have not as yet been verified, but I am convinced that they did some good work and enforced important truths. I see from the Life of Bishop Westcott that he was much of the same opinion.

One positive doctrine, I believe, forbids anonymous writing. The Fortnightly Review, started in 1865, was the first English periodical in which the principle was adopted. After a rather unsuccessful start it took a high position when Mr. Morley became editor. It illustrates the change of which I have spoken. The impression that there was any condescension in contributing to a periodical had finally disappeared. The best writers of the day were not only willing to write, but anxious to let the fact be known. The man who writes under his own name takes the main responsibility. He is not hampered by the platform of the party to whose organ he is contributing. His editor only vouches for the readability of the article, not for the correctness of the opinions expressed. The Fortnightly writers were chiefly Liberals; but the Contemporary which followed was itself colorless. It was understood to be more or less the representative of that curious body, the Metaphysical Society, in which Catholics, Anglicans, Unitarians, Positivists, and Agnostics met for unreserved discussion of fundamental questions. Such discussions had, as I have said, become the order of the day when men's minds were agitated by Darwinism and biblical criticism, and by the advent of great political and social questions. Undoubtedly, the change has been in many ways beneficial. When you encounter an individual human being, you have to be decently civil. I do not know whether we agree any better, but we certainly do not damn each other so savagely; we distinguish between the man and the abstract principle which he defends, and have to admit that our enemy is after all made of flesh and blood. Periodicals, too, have had the advantage of receiving contributions into which the best writers have put their best work. Perhaps we may regret that some men of ability have been tempted to such utterances when they ought to have been composing solid masterpieces in several octavo volumes. I will not argue the point. Hawthorne, I think, argues somewhere that civilized men should live in tents instead of in houses, to be free from the bondage to the ancestral conditions. So, one may conjecture, the author of the future will give up bothering himself about posterity and be content with writing for his contemporaries and the immediate present. Perhaps his work will not in the result be the less lasting. At any rate, there came to be a good deal more journalism, which was better than "ditchwater;" which contained serious and powerful dealing with important problems. I do not apply these epithets to my own contributions, but, at least, I had sufficient opportunity of taking some part in the work. I had, however, before long to take up other functions.

Leslie Stephen.

(*To be continued.*)

Prompt Exterminator is to cure, Sammy?" was the question asked. "Ah, is *that* where it hurts you? Right on the point of the bone, there? And was there no fall on the rock, at all? Oh, there *was* a fall. And the bruise was just there — where it hurts so much? And it's very hard to bear, is n't it? That's too bad, — that's very sad, indeed. But, perhaps, — perhaps, Sammy, — I can fix it for you, if you're brave. And are you brave? No? Oh, I *think* you are! And you 'll try to be, at any rate, won't you? Of course. That's a good boy."

And so the stranger mended Sammy Jutt's knee, with sharp knives and strips of cotton, while the lad lay white and still on the kitchen table and a queer smell spread all over the house.

"Doctor, zur," said Matilda Jutt, when the children were put to bed, with Martha to watch by Sammy, who was very sick, "has you really got a bottle o' Pine's Prompt Exterminator?"

"I've an empty bottle, ma'am, sure enough — picked it up at Poverty Cove yesterday — label and all — thought it might come useful. I'll put Sammy's medicine in that — they 'll not know the difference, and they 'll be content with one bottle, I'm sure — and you 'll treat the knee with it as I've told you. That's all. I'm off to bed now; for I must be gone before the children wake in the morning."

"Oh, ay, zur; and" — She hesitated, much embarrassed.

"Well, ma'am?"

"Would you mind puttin' some queer lookin' stuff in one o' they bottles o' yours?"

"Not at all," in surprise.

"An' writin' something on a bit o' paper," she went on, pulling at her apron and looking down, "an' gluin' it t' the bottle?"

"Not in the least. But what shall I write?"

She flushed. "'Magic Egyptian Beautifier,' zur," she whispered; "for I'm thinkin' 't would please little Sammy t' think that Sandy Claws left — something — for me — too."

Now, if you think that the three little Jutts found nothing but bottles of medicine in their stockings, when they got down stairs on Christmas morning, you are very much mistaken. Indeed, there was more than that, — a great deal more than that. I will not tell you what it was; for you might sniff, and say, "Huh! That's nothing." But there *was* more than medicine. No man — rich man, poor man, beggar man nor thief, doctor, lawyer nor merchant chief — ever yet left a Hudson Bay Company's post, stared in the face by the chance of having to seek hospitality of a Christmas Eve, — no right-feeling man, I say, ever yet left a Hudson Bay Company's post, under such circumstances, without putting something more than medicine in his pack. I am in a position to say, at any rate, that the Labrador Mission Doctor who mended Sammy Jutt's knee never once did in his long life. And I know, too, — you may be interested to learn it, — that as he floundered through the deep snow on the way to the bedside of James Luff at Back Harbor, soon after dawn the next day, he was mighty glad that he did n't, though not one of the merry shouts came over the white miles to his ears. But he shouted merrily for himself, for he was very happy; and that's the way *you 'd* feel, too, if you spent *your* life hunting good deeds to do.

It only remains to say that you may tell Sammy Jutt as often as you like that there is no Santa Claus. He will not believe you. *He* knows better. *Santa Claus mended his knee!*

Norman Duncan.

KNIGHTED.

Only a word — but I knew!
Merely a touch — but I grew
Healèd and whole and blest,
Strong for the Quest!

Only a word — but I went
Into my banishment,
Singing your name and glad —
New Galahad!

And you — did you know or guess
How your face leaned to bless;
How of your faith was made
God's accolade?

Arthur Ketchum.

EDITING.

[The fourth of Sir Leslie Stephen's reminiscent papers.]

In 1871 I became editor of the Cornhill Magazine, and ceased to do much in the way of journalism. My editorial duties gave me leisure to write a book or two (of which I need say nothing). Meanwhile one great advantage of the Cornhill was that George Smith, already a valued friend, was the most considerate of proprietors, and treated me with, if anything, an excess of confidence. Otherwise, perhaps, I might have been less content to stick in the old ruts. The brilliant youth of the periodical was over; it had rivals, and as we kept pretty much to our traditions, we did not dazzle the world by any new sensation. I found the duties pleasant enough. My great predecessor, Thackeray, has left a record of the "thorns in his cushion." His kindly and sensitive nature suffered from the necessity of rejecting would-be contributors who had no other qualification than pressing need for remuneration. No man indeed, who is not a brute, can fail to be pained by some of the facts that come to his notice, — the hopeless struggles of the waifs and strays who are trying to keep themselves afloat by such a very inadequate life-buoy as unsalable articles. I could comfort myself sufficiently by a very simple consideration. I had only a fixed number of pages at my disposal, and to accept one writer was, therefore, to reject another. It was clearly my duty to take the best article offered, and not to distribute charity at the cost of the magazine and its proprietor. In other respects, I had no cause for complaining of my contributors. They were (except, of course, the poets) more reasonable than I expected. I had (also of course) one or two of the typical forms of perversity. There was the young man (he might have come straight out of the Dunciad) who was aggrieved because I could not advise him to give up a partnership in a good business in order to adopt a literary career,

and attributed my rejection of his five-act tragedy to my jealousy of his anticipated success. I had a difficulty or two of that kind from a rather curious cause. Gladstone, in the midst of his multitudinous occupations, found time to read minor poets, and to applaud them with characteristic warmth. One or two of these came to me with heads turned by such praises, and thought me painfully cold in comparison. I might have reminded them of Blackwood's very sensible remark, when Lewes complained of strictures upon George Eliot's first story, that critics who had to act upon their judgment were naturally more guarded than irresponsible eulogists who need only consult their good nature.

An editor, though authors sometimes forget the fact, is always in a state of eagerness for the discovery of the coming man (or woman). In spite of many disappointments, I would take up manuscript after manuscript with a vague flutter of hope that it might be a new Jane Eyre or Scenes of Clerical Life, destined to lift some obscure name to the heights of celebrity. That delight never presented itself; and yet I do not know that I ever rejected an angel unawares. Had I done so, I should only have been treading in the steps of men more sagacious in gauging aptitude for success. I do not fancy myself to be a good judge of the public taste. I have never clearly discovered what it is that attracts the average reader. Many popular authors would suffer considerably, and at least one obscure writer would gain, if everybody took my view of their merits. I believe, not the less, in the *vox populi.* Books succeed, I hold, because they ought to succeed. A critic has no business to assume that taste is bad because he does not share it. His business is to accept the fact and try to discover the qualities to which it is due. Sometimes, of course, an ephemeral success may be won by rubbish; the preacher may please the audience, as Charles II. shrewdly observed, because his nonsense suits their nonsense; but it is idle to condemn lasting popularity. It is too late to set down Shakespeare as simply barbarous: though I admit that it is tempting to try to clear away some of the stupendous rubbish heaps of eulogy which accumulate over the great men when admiration has become obligatory on pain of literary excommunication. Even blasphemy in such cases is better than idolatry. But anticipation, not explanation, of the ultimate verdict is the difficult problem which an editor has to solve; and, if I am not conscious of having nipped any genius in the bud, I dare say that I owe more to good luck than to discrimination. If, on the other hand, I cannot claim to have discovered any new star of the first magnitude, I may plead that the chances were small. The regular contributors to reviews seemed to me to be a small class, like the proverbial stage army which is multiplied by walking round and round. Any one who could reach the regular standard could get admission to the ranks, and so many editors were lying in wait that one's chance of first catching the early worm was small. I inherited some admirable contributors. Matthew Arnold had to part company after a time, to my great regret, because he wished to discourse upon topics to which we had to give a wide berth. Another old and welcome contributor was John Addington Symonds. I had the good fortune to see him more than once in his retreat at Davos, and the sight was impressive. Shut up in the snow-bound valley, surrounded by patients in the advanced stages of the malady with which he was himself carrying on a precarious struggle, he astonished one by the amazing courage and cheerfulness which turned to account every hour of comparative health. He was keenly interested in all manner of literary and philosophical questions, and ready to discuss them with unflagging vivacity. He was on cordial

terms with the natives, delighted in discussing their affairs with them over a pipe and a glass of wine, and not only thoroughly enjoyed Alpine scenery æsthetically, but delighted in the athletic exercise of tobogganing. Far from libraries, he turned out a surprising quantity of work involving very wide reading as well as distinguished by an admirable literary style. His weakness was perhaps his excessive facility; but no man ever encountered such heavy disadvantages with greater gallantry. His remarkable biography contains some revelations of an inner life which would not suggest this side of him. Readers would hardly expect to find that the æsthetic philosopher had the masculine vigor which made him the most buoyant of invalids.

The most widely popular of my contributors was R. L. Stevenson, and though I did not discover him, I may venture to say that I was the fortunate recipient of most of the early articles which I think contain some of the best examples of his literary skill. I may therefore hope that I did not show obtuseness to his merits. I was specially struck by Will of the Mill, which I had the honor of publishing. I take it to be one of his most characteristic bits of delicate work. It reminds me of another charming story, — Mr. Henry James's Daisy Miller, which, I hope, did something to establish the author's reputation here. And that again reminds me that Mr. Hardy's Far from the Madding Crowd — a most delightful book of the kind in which he is unrivaled — appeared in the Cornhill, and, I hope, did the same kind of service for him. But I cannot claim the honors of first discovery in any of these cases. I was greatly pleased to see lately, in Mr. Clodd's life of Grant Allen, encouragement that I had in one case given generously acknowledged. Grant Allen was a man of so versatile and ingenious an intellect that one might have predicted for him a great success in periodical writing. He declared, however, I have heard, that he would rather bring up a son to crossing-sweeping than to literature. He had, I fear, a hard task. He sent some articles upon popular science, which I thought singularly good of their kind, and the kind is to me very attractive. They did not receive, I suppose, the notice which they deserved; he had to struggle with ill health, and he was forced to take to the more profitable occupation of writing novels. Clever as they were, they hardly corresponded to his best function. Meanwhile he was at work for twenty years, as he tells us, in preparing the book upon the evolution of theology, which, perhaps because his conclusions were unwelcome, scarcely had the success deserved by its brightness and candor. It shows at least that an enthusiastic disciple of Mr. Herbert Spencer could impart vivacity to a philosophy to which, as a rule, one can hardly attribute that particular quality.

I will speak of no other contributors. To some still living I have a debt of gratitude for their tenderness to that ambiguous personage, the editor, who, like the bat in the fable, holds an equivocal position between the winged and the pedestrian races of author and publisher. I left the Cornhill in order to take up editorial duties of a much more laborious nature. The Dictionary of National Biography has been received with a general chorus of praise which I should be the last person to call excessive. It has, however, like other human productions, certain faults. I leave them to be pointed out by others. Their existence suggests a few words upon the conditions under which it was produced. The general scheme had been conceived by my friend Smith. He had indeed been ambitious enough to contemplate a dictionary of general biography to rival the great French dictionaries. The same thing had been attempted by the old Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and, so far as it went, was very well done. But after completing the letter A in seven

volumes, the dictionary broke down, and the Society, I believe, died of the too gigantic effort. The mouse was trying to give birth to a mountain. Smith agreed therefore to my suggestion to limit the enterprise to British lives. I do not think that either he or I quite realized the weight of the burden even so restricted. That it was ever carried to a conclusion was due to Smith's public spirit, and to the pride which he took in a work costly enough to have ruined most publishers. Smith was thoroughly generous, but he was too good a man of business to pay authors, as a rule, more than their work was really worth. No author, it seems to me, ought to desire to be treated as an object of charity; and a publisher has done quite enough if he is thoroughly honorable in his dealings, without incurring loss for the benefit of authors or of mankind at large. The case is very rare, in which the world would be benefited by the appearance of books unable to pay their expenses; and there is no obligation upon a publisher to bestow such gifts upon the public. Smith soon became aware, if he was not aware at first, that the book would not pay commercially, and that his reward must be the consciousness of having done a real service to the national literature. One point was evident to me. If an intelligent government had appointed such a work, and promised me a comfortable salary till it was finished, I might have taken my time about it. Probably in that case the dictionary might by this time have reached the middle of the alphabet. But as it was after all to be done by private enterprise, I had to take care that the self-imposed sacrifice should not be made more than even a generous proprietor could be expected to stand. I made up my mind in the first place that the book should be finished, if possible, within the lifetime of Smith and myself. I am glad that I succeeded. I have a certain regard for posterity, but something is gained for the present generation by making sure of a relatively imperfect book instead of aiming at an ideal standard which will only benefit their children. However that may be, I thought that it was plainly due to Smith that he should be able to reckon upon the completion of his project. For the same reason, it was desirable to convince the public that the work would not, like many of its predecessors, come to a premature end, or be finished in a perfunctory spirit. We promised four volumes annually, and the promise was kept. In spite of a good many forebodings every volume, including the sixty-third and last, appeared up to time. I had begun by calculating the whole at fifty volumes: and the excess was due to the more elaborate scale on which the lives came to be written.

I say so much to explain the conditions of the most troublesome undertaking in which I was ever involved. I was not, and I have never become, an antiquary. I fear that I rather sympathized with Carlyle's lamentations at having to take service under Dr. Dryasdust and spend years in exploring the rubbish heaps accumulated by former specimens of the genus. The old-fashioned antiquary was what used to be called a "humourist;" a man with a quaint and perfectly unreasonable hobby; loving to collect obsolete knowledge the more because it was utterly uninteresting to anybody else. The consciousness of outside contempt often made him sour and crusty, and his love of antiquities went with a devotion to outworn creeds. But the labors undertaken by such men have gained a value which they did not anticipate. Dryasdust has found himself in sympathy with the modern scientific tendencies. Darwin has taught us how much can be learnt even from earthworms; and a modern entomologist, I am told, spent a lifetime upon the history of the house-fly. In the same way Dryasdust, by preserving records, mainly because they were antiquated, has provided materials from which the modern historian

undertakes to reconstruct a picture of the past, and to lay the foundations of social science. History, we are told, has to be rewritten by a minute examination of innumerable documents, by ransacking archives, and studying ancient deeds and charters. History has, no doubt, thus become more scientific in method; but one can hardly say how it has gained in a literary sense. We sometimes cannot see the wood for the trees; and lose the broad outlines in the multiplicity of detail. Anyhow we have got to make the best of the position; and that consideration prescribed the functions of such a book as the dictionary. We intended, I said at starting, to supply a useful manual for all serious students of British history and literature. We were to achieve that end by bringing together as concisely as possible all that was so far known about every person who might conceivably be interesting to such students, and to indicate clearly the sources from which the narrative was derived. We were to treat of all manner of people, — statesmen, divines, philosophers, poets, soldiers, sailors, artists, musicians, men of scientific and literary mark; and not only men of mark, but every one about whom the question might arise in the course of general reading, who was he? Some people thought eminent murderers unworthy of record; but, surely, to the social inquirer the crime of any period is full of instruction. The highwayman is often more interesting to the historian of society than the dignified judge who hangs him.

Without going further, I may say that the first condition was to get competent contributors; from the grave historian who could speak with authority upon great constitutional events to the specialist who had rummaged up some of the obscure provinces of antiquarian investigation. Above all, it was desirable to get men who would take an interest in the work for its own sake, and discharge minds already full of the required knowledge, instead of cramming up the topic for the immediate purpose. There were, of course, plenty of people who would be willing to undertake such tasks and write about anybody, from Shakespeare to Tupper, in a mechanical fashion. Some men have to make a living (I can only pity them, and wish that their employment was better paid) by laboring in the reading-room of the British Museum, with more or less intelligence, to collect raw material for others, or by working as humble artificers at the trade of "bookmaking." We required more enthusiasm, as well as more historical knowledge and literary skill, than such worthy persons could generally supply. We aimed at finding men each of whom would be competent to take charge of some special department, and write both with zeal and authority. To get a fairly organized body of contributors was not at first an easy task. Some men of eminence were fully occupied with labors of their own; Professor Rawson Gardiner, for example, was good enough to give us many admirable lives of the early seventeenth century, but had far too much on his hands to deal with the smaller characters. Then some men of the antiquarian variety had their little crotchets, and would be unreasonable, so at least I thought, if I would not give as much space to some twopenny halfpenny scribbler, whose only merit was that nobody had ferreted him out before, as to his most eminent contemporaries. Somehow, or other, we gradually got the thing into order; and I owe special gratitude both to distinguished writers whose contributions gave credit to the undertaking and to younger enthusiasts, undeterred by minute drudgery, whom we were fortunate enough to enlist.

I have said "we" rather than "I" for a sufficient reason. My greatest piece of good fortune, perhaps, was that from the first I had the coöperation of Mr. Sidney Lee as my sub-editor. Always calm and confident when I was tearing my hair

over the delay of some article urgently required for the timely production of our next volume; always ready to undertake any amount of thankless drudgery, and, most thoroughly conscientious in his work, he was an invaluable helpmate. When he succeeded to my post, after a third of the task was done, I felt assured that the dictionary would at least not lose by the exchange. He had, moreover, more aptitude for many parts of the work than I can boast of; for there were moments at which my gorge rose against the unappetizing but, I sorrowfully admit, the desirable masses of minute information which I had to insert. I improved a little under the antiquarian critics who cried for more concessions to Dryasdust; but Mr. Lee had no such defect of sympathy to overcome. Having caught our contributors, the main duties were to keep them up to time, to correct, and to condense. We kept them up to time by steady and remorseless dunning. The correction was of necessity inadequate: I am not omniscient, and the vast sphere of my ignorance includes innumerable matters discussed in the dictionary. A book of which it is the essence that every page should bristle with facts and dates is certain to have errors by the thousand; unless it should be supervised by a staff of inspectors beyond all possibilities. We made, no doubt, slips enough, and I had in the main to depend upon getting trustworthy contributors and thinning out those in whom I detected inaccuracy. I remember the horror with which I discovered the misdoings of a writer (long since dead) who had the highest recommendations, and in some sense deserved them. He was a man of really wide learning, but demoralized by impecuniosity. He saved trouble, as I discovered, by copying modern and still copyright books, and made a "bogus" list of authorities which had no reference to the statements supposed to be established. When I informed him that I no longer required his services he wrote a reply which I remember as a model of epistolary dignity. I was oppressing him, it appeared, because he was a poor man; and might as well have struck a woman or a child; but the saddest part, he concluded, of all this sad business was that it destroyed the ideal which he had formed for himself of Mr. Leslie Stephen. I did not see my way to apologizing, and hope that I escaped pretty completely from his like. The more serious difficulty was condensing. If the book was ever to be completed, wordiness must be sternly excised, and that is a fault which has many varieties. Some early aspirants, whose articles I had stewed down, were simple enough to be more diffuse next time, in order to allow for probable shrinkage. I parted company with them pretty quickly. But some otherwise valuable contributors had to be trained to submission. One of them, whom I shall always remember with gratitude, wrote to thank me for having reduced an article by at least two thirds, and admitted the great improvement of his style. I believe that he was perfectly sincere; for he continued to give valuable help. But he was unique. Others kept their gratitude for such services, if they felt it, to themselves. The "sweating" of articles was certainly the most trying of my duties. One mystery always puzzled me. It is easy enough to cut out superfluities, sentiment, and rhetoric, and flowers of speech in general. As Canon Ainger put it, we might adopt the phrase of obituary notices: "No flowers, by request." Though a thoughtless critic might complain of a life for being "unsympathetic," it was clearly our business to be sternly concise, and to confine comments or criticism to a brief indication of a man's place in history. My puzzle was that writers who fully appreciated the necessity could yet manage to be long winded. One man will tell a story without introducing any clearly irrelevant remark or assertion, and manage to be twice as long as another who yet omits nothing. The

only remedy would, I suppose, be to rewrite the whole on a different scheme. I had work enough on hand without doing that service as systematically as I could have wished. But I learnt to think that the whole art of writing consists in making one word suffice where ordinary men use two. I wish that it were a little more practiced. Meanwhile, I had to take my share in writing lives, and at moments I caught the contagion of the antiquarian fever. There was a certain sense of luxury in sitting in the reading-room of the British Museum, conscious that vast multitudes of books and MSS. were waiting your pleasure, ready to come when you called. Then came the excitement of the chase; the conjectures as to the most probable place to find your needle in that stupendous bundle of hay; and now and then, the triumphant conviction that you had run the game to ground and settled some fact, infinitesimal as it might be, which had baffled your predecessors. One such success would compensate for many of the disappointments which were of course more numerous. My enthusiasm, I think, culminated when I had to consider whether Sir Philip Francis was Junius. Many predecessors, of course, had beaten the bush so thoroughly that there was little chance of any new discovery. Still there was a fascination in turning now to old newspapers and pamphlets, verifying or disproving, but always fancying that the next page might contain some pregnant hint hitherto unnoticed. The inquiry, however, ended by rather damping my zeal. In the first place, it permanently lowered my estimate of human intelligence. Some forty-nine of the fifty hypotheses said to have been suggested are really worthless. Many of the so-called arguments are on a level with the proofs that Bacon wrote Shakespeare: that is, they proceed on the assumption that you conclusively establish a proposition by showing that it does not involve a physical impossibility. The only real question is whether the authorship of Francis can be proved. I think that it can, and there was some amusement in bringing together the converging probabilities. But it was also borne in upon me very strongly that it matters not a straw to any human being whether Francis was or was not the author. Considered as a puzzle, the inquiry might be an amusing game, like the solution of a chess problem. But the toil of going through the old documents was more than the pleasure could repay. I need hardly speak of other necessary drudgery; the terrible question of bibliography, for example; the duty of making an accurate list of all the works of some voluminous person, all now securely sunk into tenfold oblivion, and of all the forms in which they have appeared. When some admirable person has done for an author what Professor Masson did for Milton, one could hardly do more than condense and verify. But I have hardly the qualifications of a pioneer. Anyhow my health broke down, partly, at any rate, from the strain of such labors, and though I continued to write lives I handed over the reins to my friend Lee — not without a sense of relief.

The dictionary had one advantage, that is, I could feel that I was employed in a really useful undertaking. I may be allowed to assume that the facilitation of historical inquiry is useful. Contributors could feel themselves to be coöperators, interested in the reputation of the whole work as well as in their own articles. I am specially grateful to many who put an amount of research into the smaller articles which generally pass without notice, but which are perhaps the most valuable part of the book. The popular critic naturally confined his attention to the longer articles upon famous names; but the real value of the book depends mainly upon less conspicuous people, who are not to be found in easily accessible places. The dictionary thus brought me into contact with a class of writers with whom I had previously had comparatively little to do.

I admire the study of history and the students. Professor Gardiner, of whom I have spoken, had in some respects an ideal career. I do not mean that he was a man of most lovable qualities personally, though that would, I believe, be perfectly true. But a man is surely enviable who can devote a lifetime to a single task, learning all that is to be known about a definite period, patiently recording in each year of his life the events which had taken a year to happen, and giving his results with admirable impartiality and with the certainty of turning out a work of permanent value. The average author by profession, who can only reflect at the end of his career, that if he had stuck to one aim, he might have done something worth the labor, is humiliated by thinking of such a calm and honorable self-devotion. The age, we are constantly told, is one of excessive tension and excitement; and the author who has to meet the whims of the world becomes demoralized. I am not about to contradict the many moralists who dwell upon that theme, but I will also say that, somehow or other, I seem to have known a great many authors, who, though subject to such temptation, appeared to me to be very decent fellows in their way. My old friend, James Payn, one of the simplest, most affectionate, and most sociable of men, took to literature from spontaneous enthusiasm; and he declares, if I remember rightly, in his Reminiscences, after long experience, that the literary profession is the best of all; that its members are the freest from jealousy, and from all the bad passions of which, no doubt, they have a share, but which are developed more abundantly (so it seems to be implied) in clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and men of business. Few authors would have spoken so well of their employment in any previous generation. The lives of authors, authors used to say, are the saddest of all reading except the lives of criminals in the Newgate Calendar. So far, perhaps, Payn's judgment gives some presumption that things have improved; but I cannot quote him as an authority, because I have a strong suspicion that, among whatever class of men he had had to live, he would have discovered that they were the best and most charming set of people in the world. Authors, it seems to me, like the proverbial Lord Mayor, are, after all, men. They are made of the same raw material as other men, and if the author and the politician are, as some think, the worst of men, it must be that they have the strongest temptations. Both classes are tempted to overestimate the value of popularity. Even if he is independent of the sale of his work, the author at least writes in the hope of being read. He has not the same temptation as the politician for the grosser kinds of demagogism. Indeed, on the whole, the easiest way to popularity is to take a high moral tone. Edifying moralizing is as easy as lying. But, being in his study, he does not get the case hardening which the politician acquires in the rough and tumble of active life; and is apt to become morbidly sensitive. He seldom learns to take abuse as all in the day's work, and like Johnson to regard it as a proof that he has hit hard. Criticism stings him to the last, and one generally fancies at the moment that the hostile critic has found one's weak points with singular subtlety, whereas the complimentary critic has a horrid tendency to praise in just the wrong place.

Whatever the temptations, however, I have, on the whole, thought that authors, as I have known them in a pretty wide experience, are an enviable race. They have the advantage, if, at least, they are authors by nature, that their work has some spice of intellectual interest and a smaller proportion than most occupations of mere humdrum drudgery, and that they have more liberty to work out their own scheme of activity. I have had the good fortune to know some very emi-

nent authors, and can give them a very decent character. If they suffer a little from the author's disease, — self-consciousness and vanity, — they often take it in a mild form; Tennyson was, perhaps, an instance. Many years ago I paid some visits to Freshwater, then — for alas! it has been grievously injured by the growth of the usual watering-place surroundings — the ideal place for the poet of In Memoriam. It is still "close to the edge of a noble down," and the old girdle of woods, round which cockneys used to wander in hopes of a glimpse of the bard, still incloses the picturesque lawn and gardens to which the fortunate few found admission and might listen to Maud or an Idyll, gaining new force from the lips of the author. In my day, a little group of reverent admirers was generally gathered there to render acceptable homage. It was impossible for the cynic not to catch a certain comic side to the proceedings, — though, of course, it was very wrong. I remember a dinner from which I fled precipitately in company with a man highly distinguished in official life and solid literature. We confided to each other that it was perfectly right for the ladies of the party to show a certain preference for the man of genius; but that it was too much to be treated as pariahs, outside of the pale of social equality. "Stay! Stay! Dr. Johnson is going to speak," would have been fairly resented by Goldsmith even had he not been Goldsmith. Such a steam of incense creates a rather unwholesome atmosphere for a man of specially sensitive nature. Tennyson perhaps suffered a little. He had a right to complain if a certain article in a popular newspaper contained, as he told us, three lies about him in one column; but I did not want to hear the statement repeated daily for a week. He might, too, have been a little less shocked by the apparition on the "noble down" of a distant figure — a harmless local laborer — whom he at once assumed to be one of the circumambient cockneys who were always prowling round the protective circle of woods. But I apologize for mentioning these petty foibles. Tennyson was so transparently simple, one might say childlike, in his little vanity, that one only felt something piquant in its combination with the massive frame and the expressive countenance worthy of an intellectual monarch. He was obviously all that one could expect from the poems including the Northern Farmer, which, almost a solitary case in his writings, shows the strong humor that occasionally came up in his talk. There was one lady in the Freshwater circle who could be very outspoken as to the little infirmity at which I have glanced, and he took it as kindly as it was meant. The lady was Mrs. Cameron, who showed real genius in the photographic portraits which, I think, give the best impression of Tennyson and of other eminent men. Mrs. Cameron was unique in her way; the most warm-hearted and enthusiastic of women; impulsive to a degree which often startled solid British conventionality, and doing things which nobody else would have done; but generally because nobody else gave such free play to generous sentiments. She had, therefore, the rare power of giving the heartiest praise without flattery, — at least of the conscious and intentional kind, — and could administer a bit of wholesome advice without a touch of venom. Her enthusiasms included Wordsworth and Carlyle as well as Tennyson: but her closest friendship was for Henry Taylor. Philip van Artevelde, the work from which Taylor took his literary title, is not, I fear, often read in these days. Dramatic in form, it is rather to be classed with the poetry of reflection, full of weighty gnomic utterances, though often really poetical, and always in admirable English. Taylor himself looked the poetic sage. Mrs. Cameron's portrait justified a remark of his closest friend. "My infantile idea of the Deity," said Spedding, "was Henry

Taylor sitting on the sofa in his dressing-gown." Most of Taylor's long life was devoted to his official work at the Colonial Office, where he was my father's colleague and warm friend. I naturally looked up to him as to one dwelling in serene regions of wisdom and ripe experience; and I do not think that I was wrong. I have certainly never seen a more imposing figure; and believe that he fully deserved Mrs. Cameron's devotion. With him, I associate Spedding, beloved by him and Carlyle and Edward FitzGerald; wasting thirty years, as FitzGerald complained, in whitewashing Bacon when he might have been the ideal editor of Shakespeare; but, at any rate, absolutely contented with his self-imposed task, going about it "without haste and without rest," and too free from vanity to fancy that he could be wasting his powers. Taylor said that every family should have a Bible, a Shakespeare, and a James Spedding; and his slow and sure judgment, with a substratum of humor and genuine appreciation of literature, made him a critic after FitzGerald's own heart. Another friend of all the circle was the most amiable poet Aubrey de Vere. I do not read his poetry; I fear that it might stir me the wrong way; but the man himself was among the most lovable of human beings; gentle, courteous, and chivalrous, — clinging to his old friends the more when his conversion to Catholicism made some intellectual separation. Whatever his merits as a poet, to me he suggested the type of saint. — I mean to refer only to the better qualities connoted by that name. The malicious and censorious instincts seemed to have been omitted from his composition. De Vere was of course an enthusiastic Wordsworthian, — and although that name could not be applied to Tennyson, there was this much of affinity that one charm of his poetry is due to the pure and lofty moral sentiment. The men of whom I have been speaking seem to breathe in a wholesome social atmosphere, and, in spite of a foible or two, were lovable human beings as well as men of genius. The moral might be enforced by speaking of the other most famous poets whom I have known, Matthew Arnold and Browning. Arnold had no doubt a touch of the intellectual coxcomb. He preached to the Philistine with a certain air of superiority, and repeated his pet maxims too often and too confidently. If he showed, like Tennyson, a simple-minded delight in receiving compliments, his vanity was equally harmless. He was so full of good nature that even the Philistine and the dissenter or the barbarian in flesh and blood appealed to him at once, and he could drop his magisterial robes to talk in the friendliest terms. The impression which he made was that he was too kindly to be able really to despise even the objects of his theoretical contempt. If Browning had at bottom, as one suspects that he had, a touch of excessive sensitiveness, he concealed it under the reserve which made him pass with superficial observers for nothing but a brilliant conversationalist. He was so anxious not to wear his heart upon his sleeve, that he could conceal even his tender and noble nature from dull eyes; and never condescended to acknowledge a craving for praise or shrinking from blame.

Such characteristics may be of doubtful value in the eyes of some people. The morals of these poets were not disturbed by the dæmonic passions which drive the Byronic race outside the pale of respectability. Wordsworth would not have been so irreproachable a person if the prosaic element had not mastered his higher moods. The "leader" would not have been "lost" though the man might have got into scrapes. Undoubtedly the poetic fire may often be an unruly element of character, and æsthetic sensibility be galled by the chains of commonplace good sense. The most conspicuous and melancholy illustrations might be taken from Ruskin. I saw him fre-

quently during two summer vacations which I spent at Coniston. The English Lakes, though but a miniature edition of mountain scenery, have always had a special though unanalyzable charm for me; and Ruskin's home at Brantwood seemed to me to give its very essence. Had I been Ahab he would have been my Naboth, and I dare say that even in that Arcadia I could have found the necessary men of Belial. The house was of the modest dimensions which do not exclude thorough comfort; and I could fancy myself settling there into a sufficiency of books, with a lovely and soothing scenery courting me for a stroll whenever I wished for relaxation. There, certainly, Ruskin had every advantage, in the happiest domestic environment; and when he exhibited his treasures, — a manuscript of Scott or a drawing by Turner, — one could fancy him to be a calm connoisseur with hobbies enough to secure ample and delightful occupation. He received one with the courtesy of a polished gentleman of the old school, and talked delightfully without the least assumption of superiority. I remember how, on my first visit, he gave me a recent number of Fors, in which, he said, I should be interested because it spoke of Alpine traveling. So it did. But he had quite forgotten that he had taken an unfortunate article of mine for a text to illustrate the vulgarity of modern scramblers. He remarked that I thought the Alps improved by the odor of my tobacco smoke. I adhere to that heresy; they were greatly improved for me. I might have claimed to be a disciple and told him that their beauty had been interpreted to me by Modern Painters, though increased by my tobacco, but I thought it better to drop the subject. I remember him, too, entering the room rubbing his hands with no small glee. Somebody, it seemed, had remonstrated with him for one of his slightly extravagant denunciations of the English bishops, — or some such respectable class. Ruskin had replied to the effect that, though he was always scrupulously accurate in the use of language, he had never said anything more carefully measured or more precisely just than in the offending passage. His complacency in making this retort suggested to me at the time that some of his petulant outbreaks did not imply fierceness or loss of temper, but only the delight of a master of logical fence in administering a skillful thrust at the joints of his opponent's armor. Perhaps that was so, but undoubtedly his wrath was often genuine and painful enough. At the time of which I am speaking, he was beginning to suffer from the excessive nervous tension which upset his powers. He told me, if I remember rightly, that he was correcting eight sets of proofs at once: and the strain showed itself in occasional irritability. Ruskin somewhere compares his state of mind to Swift's. He was like Swift in that the sight of the misery and corruption of the world stung him to ungovernable indignation. He could not find comfort in art or literature, while the whole world was turning brutal and selfish and sweeping away the old beliefs and institutions, and therefore becoming incapable of appreciating or creating genuine beauty. I don't ask whether the world is so bad, but the man who would reform it ought, I fancy, to keep his head. He should take time to reflect and coördinate his ideas. For that, Ruskin's intense sensibility and impetuosity was a disqualification. He could never work at any definite line of thought; and his writings became a mass of more or less incoherent denunciations and exhortations, most amazingly keen and telling at a number of particular points, but leading to unsatisfactory and inconsistent conclusions. We should perhaps be the more thankful for the genius, which struggles through so many infirmities; and Ruskin's feeling is always so deep and genuine, and is uttered with such singular keenness, that most people forgive the want of in-

tellectual self-control. He is at least a proof that there is some truth in the uncomfortable doctrine that the most effective utterance is only to be won at the cost of the utterer. He is tortured for our benefit, and we admire the man who cannot see wrong without wrath, while we manage to take things more easily ourselves.

That suggests a contrast. Among the objects of Ruskin's denunciations was the modern man of science. When his mind was losing its balance, he used to speak of a mysterious cloud, such as he had never seen in the days of his youth, which had taken to overshadowing the mountains. It might be a symbol of the scientific materialism which was darkening the intellectual sky. Carlyle had preached the same doctrine; and in a milder form the revolt against some scientific tendencies was most felicitously expressed by Tennyson. Perhaps it might turn out that he had not an immortal soul. Nobody, Huxley is reported to have said, had a clearer view of the issues involved. I, certainly, should have no wish to belittle them, or to deny that Tennyson and his brother poets were uttering emotions which no one can afford to despise. But, I only speak of the fact as reminding me that whatever the goodness or badness of their cause, the leaders of the scientific world were personally as attractive as those who regarded their principles with horror. I had the privilege of seeing something of Darwin in his later years. To me, and my opinion was not exceptional, he appeared to be simply the most lovable person whom I ever encountered. A little party of us used at one time to take long Sunday tramps in the neighborhood of London. Those were days to be marked with a white stone when Darwin received us at the famous house at Down. It is in the quiet region of chalk downs, which had been left untouched in the gaps of the network of railways; and still looked as rural as it had a century earlier. One could expect to meet the old smugglers whose paths from the coast to London were laid through the unfrequented district. There Darwin found an admirable retreat for contemplating flowers and bees and worms, and for slowly elaborating the thoughts which had revolutionized science. He was as free from pretensions as if his investigations had no more claims to respect than those of a commonplace pigeon-fancier. The simplicity of the man was evident in the delightfully easy terms in which he lived with a family which was worthy of his affection. I could sympathize with the young German who burst into tears on leaving the house, touched by the contrast between the famous thinker and the sweet-natured, quiet country gentleman, so free from the pedantry which sometimes haunts the professor's chair. I remember my quaint sense of humiliation when he asked me quite seriously for my views about the correct definition of instinct. I felt as I once did when a doctor of divinity asked me to explain the origin of evil. It was not a question for me. I will not speak further of qualities sufficiently obvious to every reader of his life. I have only one moral to draw. Darwin himself insists upon his literary shortcomings. He lost a taste for poetry in his old age, and ascribes the loss to his absorption in science. I have observed the same phenomenon in many men who were absolutely unscientific. At all times, he found the labor of expressing his thoughts on paper very trying; and Huxley declared that he was like an inspired dog, at once inarticulate and full of the most valuable thoughts. Yet I know no pleasanter book of travels than the Voyage of the Beagle, and his letters, though mainly upon topics beyond my knowledge, have a peculiar fascination. They have not the qualities of Mrs. Carlyle's or of Edward FitzGerald's, but they have the quality, whatever it may be, which makes even a

botanical discussion interesting to one who scarcely knows a poppy from a tulip. The most obvious are the intellectual vivacity, which makes the whole of external nature a collection of fascinating problems, and the generous enthusiasm with which he accepts the help of his fellow workers. Men of science, I fear, are not always free from jealousy; but when Darwin welcomes a friend's suggestion with his favorite "By Jove!" it suggests the unqualified glee of a schoolboy when a good blow is struck on his side of the game. Darwin, of course, suggests his "bulldog" Huxley: the best wrestler in the intellectual ring. I never had the treat, said to have been delightful, of looking on at one of his rounds with W. G. Ward at the Metaphysical Society; but I saw enough of his contests with other antagonists to appreciate his singular alertness and vigor. Huxley, as I have good reason to know, was not less remarkable for warmth of heart than for keenness in controversy, and sufficiently proved that thorough amiability does not necessarily prescribe a gentle handling of humbug or equivocation. Huxley's essays are among our very best specimens of one variety of literature. Few controversialists ever hit so hard and so straight and avoided so rigidly the temptation to stray into irrelevant issues. To concentrate your whole force upon the critical point is the great art of intellectual as of physical warfare. Huxley's style has in the highest degree the merit due to never thinking of the style at all, but simply of the clearest utterance of your thought. In those days the orthodox generally described their adversaries as "the Huxleys and the Tyndalls," the complimentary plural. My first contact with Tyndall was not altogether satisfactory. He had joined the Alpine Club and was elected Vice President. He made us an after-dinner speech, eloquent I have no doubt, which somehow suggested an unlucky reply to my youthful impertinence. I asserted that true Alpine travelers loved the mountains for their own sake, and considered scientific intruders with their barometers and their theorizing to be a simple nuisance. When shortly afterwards Tyndall broke off for a time his connection with the club I was accused of having given the offense. How that may be I know not, but I do know that when I met him afterwards, he received me in the friendliest way. Our tramps led us occasionally to Hindhead, the nearest approach to a mountain within reach of London, on the summit of which Tyndall had built a house in late years. He was a delightful host, overflowing with the heartiest talk. Tyndall had some of the characteristics claimed, though I hope not monopolized, by Irishmen. He was easily roused to enthusiastic rhetoric, very different from Huxley's terse cut and thrust, but showing a poetic imagination stirred by science. One marked quality was the enthusiasm with which he took up the cause of men whom he considered to have been ill treated by their superiors, or to have failed to receive due recognition. He was among the most chivalrous and warm-hearted of men. From Tyndall and Huxley, I might make a natural transition to Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is needless to speak of his heroic devotion of a lifetime to the highest intellectual purposes. What always impressed me most forcibly was the admirable simplicity and candor of the man. I am not quite so convinced as he appears to be that he has found the last word in regard to the great problems of philosophy. But there is something impressive in the sight of a man giving himself up so unreservedly to the guidance of what he takes to be the voice of pure reason, and so absolutely indifferent to any other authority. When he calmly sets aside all other philosophies as so much blundering, he does not, like Carlyle, suggest personal arrogance, but simply his surrender to obviously self-evident truth.

Acquaintance with such men might well convince me that if they were, as Carlyle and Ruskin seemed to think, instruments of the devil, the devil deserves much credit for enlisting good men in his service. I must rather hope that the time will come of true reconciliation between faith and science, or the imagination and the reason, or whatever the right phrase may be which has been the topic of so many controversies. I am only thinking of a much smaller question. The merit of a scientific work depends upon its contents, not its form. The force of Darwin's arguments was the question, and not his skill in expounding them. If many men of science have written admirably, their literary power was an accident or a subordinate and secondary virtue. They have literary intelligence while aiming at something better or at least less egotistical. The imaginative writer is bound to be emotional and personal; he has to work up his inmost emotions for exhibition, and is thin-skinned and self-conscious. He is apt to quarrel with facts in general; and is tempted either to give up his interest in the brutal outside world and even to become "æsthetic," or to knock his head passionately against the world at large and find that the world is the harder. Let us hope that he has his reward in the raptures of creation, and be thankful that we are spared his temptations. The quiet man of letters by profession need not bother himself about soul problems, if he is wise enough not to mistake himself for a genius. He may go on like the admirable Trollope, content to provide his fellows with harmless and healthy amusement, and feel that it is well worth while to have increased the stock of innocent pleasure for the moment. Or he may be content with honestly spreading knowledge and interpreting the thoughts of the original minds. It will no doubt occur to him that the world will lose nothing by committing all his works, as it is sure to do, to the newspaper basket. But meanwhile, he will feel, unless indeed he has been face to face with starvation, that he has had very satisfactory employment, with less of worry and responsibility than falls to the lot of most men.

Leslie Stephen.

"NATURE STUDY."

It is the fashion, and society is out of doors with book and glass. Modes and fabrics are not more contagious. Thus the world moves: we have changed our hand-shake and our calling-cards, we give our brides showers, and we study Nature. Sometimes we forget our manners, claiming vulgar and impertinent acquaintance with the wood-gods. There are stories of an authentic young woman who thought Nature nice: and all the rest of us capitalize Nature as we used to rubricate art; we patronize our thrushes, we chaperon the lady's slipper. Some of us are earnest seekers: among whom the long bow is drawn, insomuch that the profane scoff at us, and the fabulists of gun and rod are put to school. "You bird men are all liars," said my friend the Philistine the other day. "One of you says, 'I heard the bow-legged sandpiper this morning,' and the other answers, 'Oh, I heard him day before yesterday.'" The next development should be personally conducted excursions. If we have books to tell us how to listen to Liszt, we may expect How to Believe the Bobolink;

and they that tell us how to look at pictures, except the late Mr. Whistler, will help us to attain the right Mongolian of a seeing eye in the wildwood. Meanwhile, if Pan in reality be not dead, he must experience the novel sensation of blushing.

It does not matter much what children play, so they play in the sun: and I submit that all this is good. For if it does not serve science, it serves art, a service by no means less. We shall never be done, one must suppose, with these quarrels of our own making between art and science. Gods of life, they do not quarrel. We cry, "War, war!" but there is no war. To say that the artist may exceed Nature is the confusion of tongues. "The light that never was on sea or land," we have all seen it, or God pity the blind! Our Rosalinds are high as our hearts: five feet, ten feet, no man can measure her for me. "Overdrawn" and "too highly colored" are words which signify nothing: a thing may be drawn wrong, but not overdrawn; the color may be wrong, but it cannot be too pure and clear, it cannot surpass the right. To use the words argues against one's self. I once saw a scarlet tanager flash across the very faces of three young gossips in a maple-path; they did not see it. I once saw a scholar trample calmly through a heavenly acre of bluebells. "Look at the posies!" he said: he did not see them. Even with the elect the incidents are frequent. One had a long list of spring arrivals, among which was the Louisiana water-thrush. "Was he singing?" I asked, and he answered with a naïve surprise, "Why, yes, he was doing some twittering." It is of course the very whimper of sentiment to object to the collector's gun: I have seen without remorse the ruby-crowned kinglet fall from his fairy madrigal, crimson not only at the brow; but once I was near homicide over a similar incident. The bird was a Wilson's snipe, and we approached him incredibly near, where he probed with his long bill in the autumnal marsh-edges, so near that we could see every embroidery of his rich fabrics. "Ah, I understand!" said my comrade, and then he shot him; the bird was blind of one eye. And let me tell another story of a tanager, that upon the full pomp of May-day returned, not in his wonted manner. Fire of the treetops, I all but touched him, finding him in the last least thicket of the budding copses, a foot from earth, in exile, silent, motionless, hardly avoiding my hand. In the afternoon he was found dead on the slope; there was no mark upon him; a perfect specimen, said the ornithologist who gathered him in. Well, I heightened nature; I committed Ruskin's pathetic fallacy; I made him to myself more beautiful than he appeared to the other man. He has homed here to die, I thought, a broken heart.

Harken one pronouncing, therefore! Literature is reducible to this, a projection of inner upon external life, for the purpose of expression. What science makes an end, art uses as a means: vocabulary, imagery, by which a human mood may be spoken. The real thing for literature, the wearer of the costume, is this latter, the human emotion. If I see in the closed gentian a bud that will not blossom, a maid that will not marry, my fancy, not the flower, is the motive of art. If I see the resurrection in the first mourning-cloak of March, the butterfly that breaks from a derided winter after the long months of sleep in his folded purple wings, my fancy, not *Vanessa antiopa*, is the stuff of which literature is made. When the violet blooms in October, 't is memory; when the witch-hazel hangs its light of stars in the fall of leaves, like the evening star outlasting the afterglow, 't is hope; when the trilliums from their maiden white begin to burn and blush, till they are like red tulips through the wood, 't is love, and fatal. When you find in the vireo's nest three white eggs and a different fourth, freckled with brown,